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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Macleans

OCTOBER 15, 1979

VOL. 93 NO. 42

Looking to the laser

Holography, the transmission of three-dimensional images via laser light, has been used at a gemmology show and is quickly being transformed into an innovative art form.

Page 12

Change for Tories' sake

Dark business suits and the formal attire of previous parliamentary openings—just one small sign that the new Conservative government means change.

Page 38

COVER STORY

Atwood's World

Nobody is ever going to get the real story: mathematician Michael Atwood. But with 600,000 copies of her books in circulation, the poet and novelist finds it increasingly difficult to protect herself. Despite living on a farm, with a retreat cabin for her writer's craft, she constantly finds her privacy invaded. With the publication of her latest novel, *Life Before Man*, she will face the public's eye even more.

Page 64

The barnstorming Pope

It may have been the most enthusiastic welcome for any visitor to the U.S. in history as John Paul II, on his last American tour as Pope, won the hearts of millions.

Page 78

The world of music

Honing the trio's most expansive production—*The Music of Men*—violinist and conductor Yehudi Menuhin tries to give his audience that human passion he craves.

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The Soviet 'threat,' the SALT treaty and the (war) games people play



By David North

Warm, Waterloo, Ypres, Doullens—the fields of European battles, the names themselves a ringing call to arms—the thick forested landscapes of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, a proliferation spread on the edge of Brussels just up the road at Evere is the military airfield (next to Zaventem International Airport) where—as Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands puts it—“Mostly men get in a morning newspaper and frowning to suggest the British couldn't get their tanks up the narrow, exposed road through Holland in time to relieve Arras.”

Historically, it is the perfect place to pursue the war games plotted at the Pentagon and in the defence ministries of the Atlantic Alliance. It isn't a bad spot strategically, either Brussels as one of the twin hubs (the other is the port of Antwerp) of what may possibly be the most sophisticated espionage network in the world. The asphalt and concrete hedges point in all directions—east as far as Poland, southeast to Hungary and Yugoslavia, south and southwest to Italy and France, north to vital strategic ports such as Antwerp itself, and Zaventem—the nucleus of the legitimate (and sometimes the flourishing [illegitimate] arms trade of the West.

Fiction and fact, grit and gossip. Talk in and around NATO these days is



Hans, Soviet view of NATO, promises, a day of work, and hopes at the hub

dominated by the Soviet buildup and what the West should do about it. Everyone is aware, though not everyone is delighted, that the tone of that response is being set 5,000 miles away in the United States against the background of what promises to be a relatively contested presidential election and with the American people, their confidence shaken by this year's gas strikes, looking for a chance to reassert themselves.

The atmosphere in the United States today is fueled by none—a writer in *The New York Times* recently for one—to be so strongly in favor of a robust reply to Soviet “adverseness” that to dispute its advisability is to invite re-

multate demands, made as in the unjustified days when, among of nations, it was “un-American” to want to deal with China. So the hawk’s case is going largely unchallenged.

Which is a pity because some of the arguments of those such as retired NATO commander General Alexander Haig (noisy nothing of former U.S. secretary of state Henry Kissinger) look vulnerable when examined. You don't have to be a parlor pouter, for instance, to wonder what Haig and Co. would do with some of the competing bags of tricks—the M missiles, for instance, or the planned new special armed forces (for rapid deployment in trouble spots) which President Jimmy Carter announced last week in an attempt to bribe the hawks to vote for the SALT II (strategic arms limitation) treaty.

In a recent interview Haig opined that the \$33-billion MX project was “an incentive” for the Soviets to come to the table to talk about the next phase of strategic (nuclear) disarmament, such it—but stressed that this was “not armistice to disarm.” If it isn't, then what the hell is it? Then Haig was asked about realising Soviet “interventionism” in places such as Angola—would U.S. or SALT troops be sent in to stop it? “No. These days are past.” The West must rely on “a more effective integration of its still vastly superior political, economic as well as security assets.” Did that mean saying “If you intervene in, say, Angola, we'll send you weapons?” Well, not exactly. What was asked was a “very subtle, though nevertheless determined reorientation” of U.S.-Soviet relations. “After all, the Soviet Union has a vested interest in preserving East-West relations.”

Nothing very specific there. Indeed Haig's bromides sounded very much like the “do-nothingism” (his critical phrase) of the much but not altogether easily assigned Carter administration. On some all together too much to ignore here, if the Soviets have a vested interest in improved East-West relations, they pose such a threat to the West's security.)

To worry that is not to question Haig's sincerity—though that of other top-talkers in the presidential race may very well be suspect. Nor even to mistrust his soldier's instinct that if the Soviets have “a” number of modern weapons the West should be equipped to counter them. It is just to underline what Belgian Foreign Minister Henri Simonet implied in Brussels recently that all this scare talk should be received skeptically or, if you like, with a fair-sized pinch of SALT.

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The mother's-milk formula for health

By André McNeill

In Venezuela, 3,000 babies die each year of gastroenteritis and an equal number of pneumonia. Almost all have been bottle-fed. One Venezuelan doctor says: "A nicely breast-fed baby just dies and get sick like this." A study in seven Punjab villages in India showed that infants bottle-fed from birth died at the rate of 846 per 1,000, compared to 203 for breast-fed babies. Fanned throughout the Third World, such cases have spawned a new term—"toxicomergence syndrome," or malnutrition linked to commercial practices.

Born in North America and raised with a bawling subsistence by the late Ralph Nader of the industrial food world, the notion of corporate responsibility—or "business with a social conscience"—has always found its focus in particularly Western issues. But now the same concern that has been turned on our broken, food preservatives and exploding pop bottles has been focused

upon the Third World, where the advertising practices of Western manufacturers of baby-bottle formula are being blamed for thousands of cases of infant malnutrition, disease and even death.

This has taken the form of a worldwide boycott prompted by church groups and private organizations against Nestlé, the \$10-billion-a-year Swiss-based food conglomerate that has captured more than one-third of the developing world's lucrative infant formula market. Suppliers of the boycott include the United Church of Canada, the Anglican Church of Canada, the Canadian Council of Churches, Senator Edward Kennedy, Dr. Benjamin Spock and the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility in New York. Third World groups such as the Pan-American Health Organization have expressed concern but have not joined the boycott. And this week the World Health Organization is holding meetings in Geneva, where the misuse of infant formula is being investigated.

Nestlé's intense promotion of artificial

breast milk in Third World countries has been severely criticized since at least 1979 when the Pan-American Health Organization urged that "strong action be taken to prevent the advertising of commercial milk products and the distribution of 'free' milk to nursing mothers."

Seven years later, after the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility in New York had completed a sprawling cost against formula-feeding in developing countries, the Third World Institute at the University of Minnesota's Newman Center launched the boycott against many Nestlé products. Its aim is to force a halt to all programs of infant formulas in the Third World. Now run by the Infant Formula Action Coalition (INFAC) in Minneapolis, the boycott claims at least 500 separate action committees in the U.S. and support in about 75 communities in Canada as well as in at least 18 other countries. "The movement is remarkable," says Owen Wilkes of INFAC. "We're getting over 300 letters of support every day."

Throughout the controversy, a distinction has been made between the actual product and the way it is advertised and sold. As a Nestlé publicist points out, "The issue is whether the advertising and marketing of such products have discouraged breast-feeding among Third World mothers and have led to misuse of the products, thus contributing to infant malnutrition and disease."

At U.S. Senate hearings in 1978, Kennedy's Health and Seniors Research Subcommittee called witnesses on the use and promotion of artificial baby formulas in developing countries. Kennedy put the purpose of the hearings into clear perspective with the question: "Can a product which requires clean water, good sanitation, adequate family income and a literate parent to follow printed instructions be properly and safely used in areas where water is contaminated, sewage runs in the streets, poverty is severe and illiteracy is high?"

Dr. Derrick Jeffries, head of the Department of Population, Family and International Health at the University of California, conservatively estimates that the trend toward artificial feeding in the Third World may be resulting in some 40 million cases of infection, disease and malnutrition each year. In 15 rural communities in Chile, deaths were three times as high for infants fed with bottles in the first three months of life as among those exclusively breast-fed during that same period. Fatima Patel,

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Eighty-Eight Holiday, Coupe



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Old enough to know poverty's pain...too young to understand



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poverty maintains the upper hand. They cannot make Krishna's life any less harsh. They can't ease his hunger or ease his illnesses. All they can do is helplessly watch as the wheels of life grind him deeper into poverty, robbing him, and then, of any chance to work free. If Krishna is ever to have any hope, he will need the help of someone else — someone just like you.

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MAY 1993

Frontlines

a Peruvian nurse with Canadian University Services Overseas (CUSO), told Knead's Senate hearings that formula had found its way to Amazon tribes deep in the jungle of northern Peru. There, where the only water comes from a highly contaminated river—which also serves as the local laundry and toilet—formula-fed babies quickly come down with constant attacks of diarrhea and vomiting. Throughout the Third World not only is water contaminated, but many parents dilute the formula to make, for example, a four-day supply last anywhere from five days to three weeks. Some mothers even believe the bottle itself has nutrient qualities and merely fill it with water. Another reason for the much lower death rate of breast-fed babies is that natural milk provides protection against a host of infectious diseases. Breast-fed babies are more resistant to respiratory infections, otitis media (middle ear infection) and iron-deficiency anemia.

Meanwhile, the trend against breast-feeding continues. In rural Mexico, the Philippines, Central America and the whole of Africa there has been a dramatic decrease in the incidence of breast-feeding. Netol takes the view that this trend is due to urbanization and the increasing number of working mothers who "simply don't have the time, energy," or that many mothers are susceptible to breast-feeding. However, many studies have shown that not more than one per cent of mothers are physically incapable of breast-feeding, and other inquiries have revealed that a very low proportion of mothers cite wanting to wean as a reason for turning to formula-feeding.

Netol's critics blame the decline largely on the intense advertising and promotion of infant formula—no longer earned ad, the companies say—by Nestle and some 20 other companies sipping their \$1.8-billion-per-year trade in the developing world. Oliver and Hughes extol the wisdom of the "white man's powder" that will make baby grow and glow. "Doctors with the largest number of patients have been targeted for special attention by company representatives. 'Milk wars' sales agents dressed in appropriate white uniforms (now changed to blue), visited nursing mothers in hospitals and their homes, generously providing one-week supplies of formula. Huge billboards depicted chubby, happy tots surrounded by pyramids of milk cans, looking up at smiling mothers. 'Baby shows' were organized where colorful banners splashed the virtues of the Nestle line—Lactogen, Phloges and Neogen—and peremptory mothers

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Chateau-Gai. We could change your mind.



were given plastic bags with Nestlé promotional gadgets and free samples of formula.

In an interview last month in Toronto, Marianne King Wilson, a supervisor of corporate communications with Nestlé, denied the charge that Nestlé discourages breast-feeding. "Even on our label we say breast-feeding is best, and should you need additional nourishment for your child then this is how you use this product," she said. "Infant malnutrition is the problem that we're all here to solve, really."

However, many Third World governments have concluded that baby formula is so likely to be misused, with such tragic consequences, that they are taking steps against its importation. Jamaica, Ghana, Papua New Guinea and Guinea-Bissau have enacted legislation to restrict imports of infant formula.

Neill's response was to send a letter to all pastors and church members in the country. The letter was widely reprinted and the message travelled across the US, meeting with church, laity and medical groups trying to convince critics to abandon the boycott. About a year ago, in a direct effort to counter the badly stained public image, Neill hired the New York public relations firm of Hill and Knowlton to help him. Neill's spokesman was replaced by Daniel J. Edelman Inc. Asked to explain the sudden change, consultants, William J. Brooks, Neill's new vice-president for corporate affairs, said, "We're getting a very bad rap, so our story just has to be reworked." Brooks said that the boycott "hasn't been heard. Neill's story. They just don't accept it."

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Frontlines



Stinson and ruby lasers are looking into hologram box: Images hovering in air

Looking to the laser for art

A man stands on a balcony and drops coins that never touch the ground. A woman's head looms in mid-air, winks and then raises a hand to blow a kiss. A disembodied arm protrudes from a window. In the world of illusion and mirage, there are no equals to these three-dimensional images made of light beams—holograms. And in the world of holograms in Canada, Vancouver will become the centre of attraction if David Stinson, an enterprising physicist turned artist, has his way.

Stinson, 34, is an unlikely counterpart to photography's George Eastman—his credentials stop with a B.Sc. in physics from Burnaby, B.C.'s Simon Fraser University. But already he has shown enough drive to convince his alma mater to let him fill an empty laboratory with university-owned lasers and to construct a special darkroom for the collecting of his rare images.

That task completed, he has decided to transform the fields of display holography from a gimmick into an artistic medium. The gimmicks are startling enough, even if they still fall short of art. One of holography's first uses in



a piece of "film" whenever it is illustrated. It resembles a glowing three-dimensional poster. The other variety hovers inside a transparent box, and needs to be activated by a laser beam. While holography may still be a budding art form, technical problems still plague the medium. Exposure time in making the "film" takes several seconds, and movement as small as a light wave can blur the image. Nevertheless, holograms are increasingly accepted as art. Even two years ago, a touring hologram show—*Visual Jodeland*—created by Vancouver artist Al Rasinin was seen by at least 200,000 people across Canada.

"It's difficult [to develop artistically] because there's nowhere to go locally for information," Stinson says. "There are at least 10 people working in holography here, but each one is in a vacuum. If we start a community, maybe we can get somewhere." But it takes more than a community to develop holography. Not only does the medium demand scientific knowledge, but expensive equipment as well—a pulsed ruby laser, for example, costs more than \$50,000.

To make a hologram, a laser beam of red light is split into two beams—one illuminates a plate or film and the other, by means of mirrors, shines on the object to be recorded. When ordinary light is projected onto the film, a virtual replica of the original object is reconstructed either in front of or behind the film. Images are always life-size for a hologram can't be enlarged or reduced. Its properties of remote and exact duplication make holography ideal for such scientific endeavors as data storage. Holograms may replace micro-



books same day; glasses detection, atomic research and metallurgical testing, but their technical quality has proven to be a major stumbling block to its artistic use.

Stinson, with the pale complexion of a man who spends his days in a university science complex, fumes at criticism. "The critics don't see the artistic possibilities of holography. It's a lack of imagination." Exhibiting an abundance of flamboyance, Stinson has already looked beyond the proposed centre. He is now considering a business that would sell landscape holograms to ease the pressures of urban life by burning the view from your office window into the fantasy landscape of your choice.

Anne Roberts

Photographs of laser-transmitted art, by David Hockney (above), Michael Svedner/Jacobus Check, physics and mirrors



advertising, for example, involved an advertising-out of a New York jewelry-store window holding a diamond bracelet. One shocked pedestrian tried to beat it with her purse—rather like trying to dissipate sunlight with a fan. An arcade hologram in the Vancouver suburb of Coquitlam tests players' skill against the image of a cowboy fast on the draw. In Nanaimo, mirrors are used to show holograms of ghosts liberally throughout the haunted house.

These enigmatic images are of two types. In one, the image emanates from

What cars should be is what Rabbits have always been.

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Most will cling to their gas-guzzlers until they're off their hands.

Car buyers blamed for gas guzzler

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should be said, however, is how acceleration has been coupled with economy. The Robot was born 2 to

"Carburetors will be displaced by fuel injection systems,"
Executive Magazine, November 1939

What's viewed to be standard equipment on cars of the future, can be seen on the Volkswagen Rabbit right now.

An efficient fuel injection system is but one. Front wheel drive for less weight and more traction is another, as is an anti-sludding device, a passive restraint system, an electronically driven fan belt to save fuel, and more. All available on the Rabbit today.

'Then Joy Ride Is Ending'
Examiner Since July 8, 1970

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With the rear seat folded down, there's more cargo space than in

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BlackBerry: Windows here as leading feature

"If you drive a Volkswagen Rabbit, you're already into the car-type of tomorrow."

Journal of Systems Management
January 1979

All in all, the Volkswagen Rabbit is one fine automobile worthy of your consideration. The place to find it is your Volkswagen Dealer. The time to find it is right now.



We couldn't help but notice the number of newspaper and magazine articles, written by automotive experts and futurists, that take a look at tomorrow and paint a picture of what we can expect cars to be a few years down the road.

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*"Detroit spends \$70 billion retooling
for the automobile of the future."
—Chris Ward, November 1970*

Now that Detroit is beginning to reduce lighter, more efficient cars to meet the needs of 1985, it's more

tant to point out that in 1975 Volkswagen was already producing the car to meet these needs.

GAS
23

"Car makers must boost average mileage to 27.5 mpg (8.6 L/100 km) by 1985,"
Time Magazine, July 2, 1979

In 1980, Volkswagen's corporate gas consumption rate more than meets the U.S. Government's proposed 1985 gas consumption requirement and Transport Canada's compact consumption rating for the alone, is 8.0 L/100 km.

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Frontlines

The last of the French Alouettes

Professional athletes are the Bedouins of North America, living on shifting sands that can carry them to half a dozen "home" towns in the course of a career. In the Canadian Football League there is only one player whose career seems built on the best of grounds—Gabriel Grigore, a six-foot three-inch, 330-pound defencive end with the Montreal Alouettes.

"Forget it," says Alouettes Director of Public Relations Roy Dupire, when the subject of trades is broached. (The Winnipeg Blue Bombers offered a trade just last month.) "We've had offers for Grigore before. If we traded him we'd have a rival."

Grigore is unique in that, on a team of 33 players who call Quebec home (for now), he's able to discuss the game in French (he's not limited to "Banquet" all). He is a French-speaking Quebecer and the darling of the Quebec sports media. That is not to say that the man is a soft touch on the football field, for the Larks have not impressed the league this year by playing in second.

So Grigore has confidently rooted himself deep into life in the former city of Montreal, despite the ban of some sportswriters who feel sentiment has gone a little too far in his case. For Grigore has an edge. "He gives our team respect in Quebec," says General Manager Bob Geary. "He gives us legitimacy. I'll never trade him." Fred Blazer

Grigore, confidently rooted in attitude



COGNAC OR LIQUEURS

A relationship that never really was.

The first brandies were raw immature spirits which proved too harsh for many tastes. To make them more palatable, some distillers added herbs and sweeteners, colourings and spices and invented, in the process, after-dinner liqueurs.

But even as liqueurs multiplied and came forth in ever more exotic guises, other distillers were learning to mellow and soften brandy by aging it in oak. And the art of blending aged cognac branches into fine Cognac was born soon after.

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A case for rights in the Far North



In the past decade of current events in Canada, no subject has seemed to come up with the clockwork regularity of native land-rights negotiations. It is against this background that the latest Inuit claim to 30,000 square miles of land in the eastern Arctic stands out as an event unprecedented in its political importance. For the first time, the Inuit have gone to court to request legally the federal government on the issue of aboriginal rights. The court's decision, likely to be made this month, will ultimately affect the development of the Arctic as a whole.

The plaintiffs in the lawsuit are 163 Inuit residents of Baker Lake, an isolated settlement of 1,800 people in the Keewatin. The Inuit are asking that the federal government respect their aboriginal rights—rights enshrined in the 1982 Act, intended to safeguard native traditional "lifestyles"—the land in question. As well, they want control over mining, exploration and development, pleading that these activities threaten the delicate ecosystems that support their way of life. The six defendant multinational mining companies in the lawsuit are asking that the courts respect the exploration and land-use permits issued to them by the federal government so that they can continue development of the eastern Arctic. "This is more than just a traditional land claims case," says Audrey Golden,

Baker Lake (above) and Inuit mother and child, preserving the caribou culture



a request for the Inuit. "It may prove to be a major testing ground regarding Inuit aboriginal rights to the land."

Until the 1960s, the aboriginal rights of the Inuit were reported by southerners as much out of indifference as obligation. Then mining companies, alert to the wealth of petroleum and minerals, began exploring the eastern Arctic with

permits issued by the federal government. The Baker Lake residents now contend that mining exploration activity, particularly since 1966, accompanied by low-flying aircraft, blasting operations and the setting-up of camps, has resulted in a dramatic alteration of the migratory patterns of the caribou. And with diminishing herds, the traditional Inuit way of life, based largely on hunting and fishing, is dying out, resulting in an increased reliance on welfare to support the community. What the Inuit say they are seeking is not that development stop in the North, nor that anyone be excluded from the land, but that ways be found to deal with development while protecting their hunting and fishing rights.

"The Inuit are not trying to become the Arabs of the north," says Mike Dembski, counsel for the Inuit Tapscott of Canada (ITC), the umbrella group that has represented 36 Inuit communities of 16,000 people in Rukin Island, the Kuviatuk and the central Arctic since 1971. "But if there is going to be development, the population will double in 20 years. If every year causes a decrease in the caribou herds, how will the Inuit support themselves? They don't want another Klondike. Destruction of the herds is permanent, but job creation projects are temporary."

The mining companies deny any responsibility in the herds' decline, which they say began as early as 1950. They blame the drop in caribou from 200,000 caribou in 1950 to 65,000 in 1977 on over-hunting by Indian and Inuit and on attacks by wolves. Americans by the Inuit that migration was stable and predictable before the companies arrived were described by lawyer Robert Cusman, representing Canadian, Western Mines and Pac Group Ltd., as "the myth of certain people."

The Inuit struggle to retain control of the Keewatin District is not a new one. Last year, supported by the ITC, the Baker Lake settlement won an injunction against the federal government which temporarily stopped mining exploration along caribou migration routes. In the six days that hearings were conducted in Baker Lake this May, they appeared again before the federal court of Canada seeking a permanent ban on their wilderness guests along the routes.

There are two aspects to the issue, says John Ivers, a lawyer with Noranda Mines. Land-use restrictions will make it "impossible to work in the north," he says. "But, more than that, there's the question of who actually owns the land. Mining exploration is an expensive business—our budget in the

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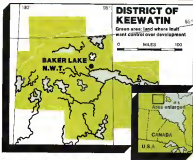


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Frontlines



Territories annually is \$1 million. If we find something, who will profit from it?"

But, for the Inuit, the development scenario is seen in a different light. As William Nash, of Baker Lake, told the court. "What usually happened when the white men came was to tell you, 'This is the land and we are here to do a job, we are here to make money. Therefore you have no right to tell us we can't do this and we can't do that.' To the Inuit, he explained, "The land we live on was a land for everyone. There was nothing one person owned. The land we lived on was shared."

But not all Inuit have held out against the concept of owned land. In 1976, after almost a decade of discussion, 2,500 Inuit in the western Arctic relinquished 273,000 square miles of rich oil and gas reserves to the federal government in return for ownership of 27,000 square miles, traditional wildlife hunting rights and \$45 million—a decision which the Inuit and Inuvialut Indians feel has undermined their strength in the north.

Taking their lead from that settlement, the Inuit of Baker Lake have adopted the strategy of linking their land rights and political rights into one issue for negotiation. They are pressing beyond the Baker Lake case to pursue the possibility of establishing 1.5 million square miles of the Arctic, north and east of the baseline, as a province which they hope to call *Nuvassut* ("our land").

According to Bob Goodie, a federal government land-claims negotiator,

their stakeholders have kept negotiations deadlocked for two years. "The Inuit should settle their land claims quickly," said Goodie, "to protect certain land from resource development. Political development should wait." But Inuit leaders believe that land-claims settlements without assurance of political control will leave them with less than they now have.

"The Baker Lake case is a small piece in a larger puzzle," says Denham. "The Inuit have been around for 4,000 years and they have every intention of being around for another 4,000. They want a democratically elected government of their own to protect their future. We're not trying to establish an 'ethnic state' as some people have charged, but the current territorial government setup is so large that it's not administratable."

Few politicians understand the natives' plight as clearly as External Affairs Minister Flans MacDonald, who once said, "I think we have a moral right to help these achieve recognition of their aboriginal rights. More important, we have to recognize that their concept of land, rooted in their belief in aboriginal title, is vastly different from ours."

Whether the Inuit's traditional way of life can survive the onslaught of mining exploration and development in a world of serious mineral and petroleum shortages is a question that will not be readily answered. Whatever federal court Judge Patrick Mahoney decides on the Baker Lake claims, the outcome will certainly affect mining activity and life in the north. John Plaskett

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Frontlines

Reel rush in gold rush city

By 1929 most of the kintre had worn off the Blawie gold capital of Dawson. The thousands of prospectors from the rash of '98 and the dance-hall girls who entertained them had moved on, and a night at the movies became a big social event. To the accompaniment of piano music, which added the necessary mood to silent films, Dawsonites settled back for a program that included a nearly naked Douglas Fairbanks in one of his first films, *The Half-Breed*, a tongue-in-cheek western called *Superman*, *Hamlet* and even a Hollywood look at Canada called *The Red Ace*. It was set in the fictional town of Lost Hope, on the equally fictional shores of Phantom Lake, in which the Mounties did battle with the not-so-Canadian menace of apex swinging in trees. Newspaper firms such as British-Columbia-Publish carried clips of a revolutionary, self-propelled machine-gun and the launching of the floating dry dock captured from the Germans in the First World War.

First World War film footage, stacks of *Hamlet* make the owners of delight.



Last month, 60 years after those film first crossed Dawson's screens, 250 people packed the recently restored Palace Grand Theatre to watch three again in what was billed as the premiere of the Dawson film find—a discovery that has left film archivists in Canada and the United

States gasping with delight. Dawson, once the largest municipality west of Winnipeg and north of San Francisco, was the end of the entertainment film distribution network. For nearly three decades into the 19th century, films were simply stored in the basement of the Carnegie Library, after being screened, because shipping them back "outside" was too expensive.

Finally, in 1929, after running out of space and worried about the disposal

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Frontlines

problem created by the highly flammable 35mm nitrate film, the owners arranged to fill an unused swimming pool with thousands of reels stored in metal canisters. There they lay forgotten and undisturbed until July last year, when a bulldozer driver clearing the site for a new recreation center struck the mother lode of film history. National Film Archives personnel arranged for a three-week search around the unmarked pool which produced more than 500 reels. Those near the surface were badly damaged by water, but the low ground temperatures had preserved nearly 800 reels which had been buried more deeply.

The full significance of the find may not be known until the restoration and copying process is finished in another year or so. But for the audience in Des Moines last month, which saw the first of the film copies after the first year of restoration work, the wealth of history regained was overwhelming. And to add the proper atmosphere, 80-year-old Fred Zinn, who played his first silent film assignment when he was 14 years old, was invited north to play once again.

Films unearthed included a 1903 Thomas Edison production and Sam Goldwyn's first film—Polly of the Circus, which starred our Blue Mark. More than 300,000 feet of film was uncovered, and with copying costs running at \$1 a foot the Klondike ground is once again making history with its riches. Copies of the restored films will be presented to the Des Moines City Museum, which hopes to make a silent film festival an annual event. **Paul Korine**

Palace Grand Theatre: a new mother lode



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Four Schumann Pieces
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Frontlines

Ignoble savages

Allen Fotheringham's article *The Leader of Youth Sent into the Ice His Friend Robertson and Bush Warners* (Sept. 17) accurately and devastatingly exposed the brutality of a hockey coach and the lust for violence that mars this country's national sport. I feel that the real cause of hockey's savagery is the latent primitive instincts that rage below the surface of our civilization. Our lives are just too passive and sterile and therefore sports become the catharsis for all the unexpressed emotions our devalued, anti-trivial, rhythms of existence deny. Think of the investment of energy and feeling reserved for pop stars and winning soccer teams. Does anything really noble in our lives command such allegiance? No, our pretences reflect the poverty of our wisdom—for my week, I fantasize none here, find Mrs. Less a hero than the coach of a Memorial Cup-winning hockey team.

ROBIN W. DALGREN, VICTORIA, B.C.

Pay now, fly later

Bryan Michael Stoller is a young genius who could offer a remedy for the alleged malady of Canadian film production mediocrity. His stated outlook, *A Super Kid Flying High in Super #* (Sept. 3) is a cop-out. Surely he would gain more satisfaction in having made a great contribution to Canada's film industry than from simply rubbing shoulders with other media scuzzes in the U.S. We can all learn from others, be impressed as internet only in leaving Ottawa, saying nothing about a long-term plan to return and add to his country's work in the future. He can be very proud to live in Canada where his relatively unassisted work is engaged openly. I wish him a long and very successful career—in Canada.

W.D. CHARRONNEAU, SUTTON WEST, ONT.

The press and the flesh

I am amazed, yet slightly irritated, by letters published in your July 30 and Aug. 6 issues from people who are irritated and less amazed by the exposure of Dorothy Stratten in *People* (July 9). In the diaphanous world of some Canadians, shattered by the plight of the Vietnamese boat people, Indian starvation and Canadian obesity, I was extremely happy that our national news-magazine provided coverage for something that set hearts throbbing back to my sense of humanity and regeneration to my courage. Thank God we have a free press. Brent is beautiful.

C.B. HURD, MESSAHIK PARK, ALTA.

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Frontlines

High rollers, cold shivers

Barbara Amiel's *The New High Rollers* (Sept. 17) gives us the cold shivers. These men actually battle for the rights of murderers and criminals and sweat to have them freed, or coddled on a technicality, and claim they are crusaders for human rights? Huh? In my opinion, these self-styled Saint Georges compound the severity of society. Criminals are self-declared enemies of society and by virtue of that have diverted themselves of rights. In relation to them, the rights that safeguard society are paramount and nonnegotiable. That's the reason for our 20th-century society's deplorable state of malaise. Too much concern for rights and not enough concern for right. Practice and protect right, I say, and human rights will automatically be safeguarded.

SARAH TOTTEN, COXSWALL, ONT.

Lawyers are educated at great public expense. Many of these then use this education to extract large sums of money from the same public. The guilty and innocent are forced to pay. Little or no thought appears to be given to right or wrong. Even members of Parliament are forbidden to disagree publicly with the courts. Lawyers are the new high priests of our era. They have built a beautiful new temple in Vancouver and are expanding in Winnipeg. When will the tide turn against them, with simple, easy-to-understand laws that all can obey without the need of lawyers and courts?

DEBORAH A. KOFF, WINNIPEG

Bossies, beware

I seriously question the wisdom of feeding pollutant-contaminated cattle and beefsteaks to cattle destined for human consumption. A *Shivuk* is a dove in a dove (Sept. 17) I agree with Saskatchewan Research Council scientist Guranath Lakshman that a completely self-contained ecosystem is a wonderful thing—where industrial society's wastes (metals, toxic, etc.) "disappear" and are transformed into an agricultural resource (cattle feed). But this experiment in waste management may be an unfortunate instance in which solving one environmental problem—contaminated waste water—is creating another one—contaminated cattle feed, and therefore contaminated meat and milk. We should not dismiss lightly any claims that the pollutant levels in the finished cattle carcasses are insignificantly low. It is now known, for example, that levels of lead too low to elicit symptoms of acute lead poisoning can cause neurological damage in-

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Actual Size



comparative. A *Shivuk* is a dove in a dove (Sept. 17) I agree with Saskatchewan Research Council scientist Guranath Lakshman that a completely self-contained ecosystem is a wonderful thing—where industrial society's wastes (metals, toxic, etc.) "disappear" and are transformed into an agricultural resource (cattle feed). But this experiment in waste management may be an unfortunate instance in which solving one environmental problem—contaminated waste water—is creating another one—contaminated cattle feed, and therefore contaminated meat and milk. We should not dismiss lightly any claims that the pollutant levels in the finished cattle carcasses are insignificantly low. It is now known, for example, that levels of lead too low to elicit symptoms of acute lead poisoning can cause neurological damage in-



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Frontlines

ertheless. Accidental contamination of food is bad enough, deliberate contamination, inexcusable. So, before we indulge in metal milk shakes and PCB patties, let's do our best to curb the generation of toxic wastes so that we don't need to seek novel methods of disposing of wastes once they are created.

ALMA E. FIM, POLLUTION PROGRAM,
TORONTO

The Scottish connection

Please thank Stephen Kinley for his article *Highland Fling* on *New Sol* (Aug. 20). I was thrilled to know that the International Gathering of the Clan in Nova Scotia had been such a triumphal success. I feel it augurs well for the future, for if all the different Scottish clans can grow into such a friendly, civilized bunch, why, before long Belfast and Dublin, Zimbabwe and Mozambique, Lebanon and Israel will follow suit! This issue of *Maclean's* cheered me up hugely.

KATH HUTCHMAN, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

A different drummer

In my opinion, the review of *Fear of Music* (Talking Heads) in your article *For the Record* (Sept. 10) was a sham. To refer to the album as "brilliant pop music" and credit it with being more "danceable" than the previous two releases is insulting to both the band and the intelligence of their fans. The degree to which David Livingstone has misunderstood the album indicates his total ignorance of the New Wave. *Fear of Music* is simply not pop music.

BERNARD TONKES, SUSAN CLARKE,
COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

Standing tall

To that influential nucleus of uneasyminded devotees, *Prophets of a Super-Race* (Aug. 20), reviewers of a *Super-Race*! Maybe, but then, let's see you act like the "big" of humanity, unconnected and supported on the shoulders of those beneath you.

NANCY SHOLLOVOYE, OAKVILLE, ONT.

Crying wolves

I would like to share my thoughts after reading Peter Newman's editorial *Selling Petrobras Will Cost Canada Money and Its Key Card in the World Oil Game* (Sept. 17). As a Canadian of legal and voting age, I feel betrayed by the Conservative government's handling of Petrobras. At a time when this country needs Canada-first-type companies working for our national inter-

est, the Clark government has apparently decided to wash its hands of it. Who are they to throw it literally to a pack of wolves? Petrobras is a profit investment for Canadian dollars and it goes as fast as should every Canadian's sense of security knowing we have a voice in the mostly foreign-owned petroleum industry. Petrobras is a Crown corporation and, as such, is answerable to the people of Canada. In these times of energy problems and international

conflict, we would know that the interests of Canada would be placed first. If Petrobras means to exist as it is now, Canada will be at the mercy of outside interests, both commercial and national. If past experience means anything, Canada will end up with the short end of the stick. It's about time for us Canadians and our government to start believing in ourselves and lead the world instead of always being led!

GARY FIDRICK, ST. LEONARD, QUEBEC

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U.S.A.

Faith, hope and ballyhoo

By Catherine Fox

It was a bumbling, bumbling affair, what may have been the largest, warmest and most enthusiastic welcome—sometimes bordering on hysteria—of any visitor to the U.S. in history. And if his message of peace and love to millions of Americans was diluted by the ballyhoo, Pope John Paul II nonetheless won the people's hearts if not their minds. The thrills and drama, the color and history, the spectacle and ceremony of this papal visit made it more an entertainment as well as a philosophical enlightenment. But it was the simple goodness of this Polish Pope that shone through. And as he warmly greeted President Jimmy Carter—the symbolic meeting of church and state—there was a renewed sense of hope reverberating in the White House.

Altogether he gave more than 40 speeches in six cities during a tour that will be remembered for the sheer star-ness of the Pope as well as for the overwhelming response of the American people. Uncounted millions drove thousands of miles, stood in lines for hours in rain or sunshine for a few seconds' glimpse of *R. Papa*. In an area generally marked by cynicism and by a trend away from religion—especially from the Roman Catholic Church—the turnout was little short of miraculous.

The John Paul spectacle in New York City: "Back 'em up, stack 'em up!"

It was also fun. In Boston, 2,000 priests and deacons stood in the pews, screaming and clapping as John Paul entered the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. It took New York's Terence Cardinal Cooke nearly 10 minutes to stop 12,000 schoolchildren gathered in Madison Square Garden from shouting slogans: "Back 'em up, stack 'em up, beat 'em in two. Holy Father, we're for you." A richly costumed group of women



from the Jamaica Park Strong Band in Philadelphia had the waving flock literally dancing in the streets.

And it was big, big business. Thousands of street vendors made fortunes selling every Pope souvenir imaginable. "They get your Pope hat—your 26-karat Pope medallion, only \$9.95—your Pope calendar—bustles, banners, binoculars." For \$5 there were T-shirts emblazoned with HIS HOLINESS IN WITH YOU and, in Philadelphia, a HAT A POPE AT THE POPE IN PHILLY. Some made their buck in an even less charitable spirit.

In New York, Rev. Matthew Nokes of Toronto was taking pictures of the Pope for the Canadian Catholic Register when a policeman refused him of his press credentials and \$100 in cash.

Church officials in Iowa—the only rural spot during the week—altered none of the longest commutes that accompanied the Pope's urban visits. The country's heartland lived up to its reputation—and sobriety—except in the pent-up hold-ups for the 386 parishioners of St. Patrick's Church near the town of Downing, and later for 300,000 pilgrims at Lincoln Highway Farms. But as he travelled on to Chicago to visit the country's largest Polish-Catholic population, then to Washington's Mall for a mass for one million, the fervor of the



erence built to a thousand people.

The massive celebration did not stop John Pope from delivering his message, however. In what *The Washington Post* called his "most important speech since becoming spiritual leader of the world's 700 million Roman Catholics," the Pope addressed the United Nations General Assembly on human rights, the arms race, poverty and the Middle East conflict. As expected, he called for a "joint statement of the Palestinian question," for peace in Lebanon and a special status for Jerusalem (an idea rejected by Israel). His denunciation of the "unbridled" arms race came as a boost to Carter's strategic arms treaty.

He also made it clear in the middle of the world's most persuasive society that in religious matters he is more conservative even than his predecessor Paul VI. Traditional church discipline would continue to be enforced. He condemned homosexual activity, divorce and abortion. There would be no women priests and no priestly marriages. There would not even be many dispensations for priests wishing to renounce their vows in favor of marriage. "Priesthood is forever," he told a clerical audience in Philadelphia, and repeated it in Latin for emphasis. "Es sacerdos in aeternum."

There was some protest from women's groups across the country, but the cheers that followed almost everything the Pope said drowned dissent. It seemed not to matter what he said, America loved it all. And if it couldn't see him in person, his every move, every word, was recorded by more than 14,000 members of the press. The spectacle was summed up in one editor's answer to a reporter who inquired what was wanted. "Just find me a miracle." ☐



Washington

Pouring SALT on the Cuban crisis

Remitting the temptation to share up his ratings by playing catcha politics, President Jimmy Carter moved last week to dampen the smoldering crisis over the presence of a Soviet brigade in Cuba. Having characterized a Soviet statement, Carter declared a victory and retreated in a televised address to the nation. Carter announced the Marines will put on a show of strength at Guantanamo Bay, the Cuban base the Americans retain from pre-revolutionary days, and a 40-year military "task force" will be established at Key West, 50 miles from Cuba. But he declined to undertake anything as dramatic as President John Kennedy's blockade during the 1962 missile crisis. Instead, Carter decided to soothe, for

now, Soviet assurances that the brigade will engage only in training activities even as he rejected Soviet claims that that in all it has been doing until now.

Carter's response, delivered without the dramatic gestures he used in his last major television address as energy in July, reassured allies who were appalled about the seeming overreaction in the U.S. to the presence of a few thousand Soviet troops in Cuba. The Soviets, too, while complaining publicly about Carter's "unbalanced diplomacy," said privately they were relieved by his moderation.

But Carter's ultimate goal was the rescue of SALT II, the treaty (still awaiting Senate ratification) which would put a lid of sorts on Soviet and American nuclear armaments. Some nations had linked their votes to a satisfactory resolution of the question of the Soviet brigade in Cuba and many of these same nations were saying last week that Carter's response was most unsatisfactory. Henry Belmont, a Republican from Oklahoma, who has a

reputation as a moderate, called Carter "a genuine pacifist" and likened Baker, the Republican leader in the Senate and an announced presidential candidate, to a "moderate." "We stood out to see with the Soviet Union and, unlike 1982, this time we blinked," Frank Church, Democratic chairman of the Senate foreign relations committee and the man who started the fuss with his uncharacteristically hawkish statements in late August, demanded certification from Carter that the brigade does not have a combat role before he would agree to SALT II.

The impression should not be left that the Senate is overwhelmingly opposed to the treaty. Alan Cranston, the Democratic whip in the Senate, says 69 of the 100 senators either support SALT II or are leaning in that direction, while another 10 are in the middle (waiting to see the support of two-thirds of the Senate—67 senators if they all vote—for ratification). And if Carter failed to budge the wavering, he probably did manage to stop the erosion of support for the treaty that occurred when, just previously a strong backer, first tested the Cuban issue (to impress conservative voters back in Idaho, it is said).

He also succeeded in reawakening the United States' allies. The treaty required strong endorsement from President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing of France and Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany, both of whom played down the Cuban issue. Even the Pope pitched in, applauding "the decisions and agreements aimed at reducing the arms race."

Moreover, at week's end, a Senate committee reported "high or high-medium compliance" that Soviet compliance with most SALT II provisions could be monitored "Verifiability," as it is known, has been a key roadblock and new, leading back Robert F. Kennedy, the powerful Democratic leader in the Senate, among others. And Defense Secretary Harold Brown wanted to disarm other critics—such as Georgia's prominent Sen. Sam Nunn—by offering them the bleak promise of greater arms spending plans they had demanded.

BUT SALT II may still be short of the 67 votes it needs when the Senate actually begins debate on the treaty, probably next month. Then, the debate itself, which may be televised, could determine the outcome. It may turn out to be the most important Senate debate since the fight over the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations in 1919. That treaty failed to win two-thirds support in the Senate and the U.S. was plunged into two decades of not being a great power until Pearl Harbor.

IAN UNGER

World

Caught with a hand in the coup

By Mervyn McDonald

While each nationing account, French war services dished up fresh banner stories from the banks of the Obangue River. Sinking accounts of how deposed General African Republic Bokassa had personally participated in enabling the rebels to kill 100 schoolchildren who had refused to wear uniforms. Bokassa's tales of a routine army sergeant, damaged by negligence and a case of Benign Prostatic Hyperplasia, who held his dog to his chest and starved to death in a 13-hour room of luxury, which he slept in a \$400,000 gold bed and died regularly on the banks of his mistress.



French Ambassador and trussed already for matings—reads the imperial fronts.

In the first euphoria after the lightning coup, there were certainly no regrets for Jean-Michel Bokassa, one of Africa's most bizarre tyrants. But as the days went on, the wire services participated in enabling the rebels to kill a different set. Minutes after French Minister of Cooperation Robert Galley told Paris newsmen that France was "directly involved in the overthrow, newly installed President David Dacko was bowled in as an expert in Bourges how the French government had been him in with three companies of crack French troops to assist his fellow tribesman—and that as far as he was concerned they could stay on for 30 years to keep order in the country.

The red-faced admissions which allowed made it clear that the whole plot had been scripted five months in advance by French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing when the emperor, who had not taken kindly to suggestions about stepping down, skinned the emperor in his ear. The emperor, from both inside and outside France, was swift and adroit. African ambassadors in Paris, while publicly discreet, privately railed that France had set a dangerous precedent in deposing the head of a sovereign state. Socialist leader François Mitterrand denounced Galley's resignation and, in the National Assembly, critics howled over the government's self-negotiations on a bloodless coup when it had done nothing for four months of pure disaster in a country that, received up in \$108 million yearly in French aid and where Giscard loved to go hunting with the emperor he addressed as "cher parent," "dear relative." The farce was a double embarrassment for Giscard, whose master for diplomatic policy in the continent is the oft-quoted "Africa for the Africans." Considering that the Bokassa episode was the fifth time French troops had intervened in Africa in the past two years, his critics had every right to wonder just what he had in mind.

Having dispatched their forces to

Invasion of the dog food snatchers

They are wuffy and wily and poised—often enough to kill a dog in cause rescuing pup (if that) in home brings. And in live telecast style they are gradually convincing the southern United States—with the help of a word bench all

people who are from a guarantee of the survival of life on earth in case of a nuclear holocaust.

A fact long and proven enough to chase smaller animals. But amidst a lot of the ugliest of all looms—a genus with a good deal of competition in that area, it comes from Latin America and has become indigenous in Texas. Several state legislatures ban its introduction and it spread to Florida after an reporter of snake bites open a child's head at Miami airport and about 1300 escaped to the Everglades.

And recently a 15-year-old boy caught one of four splitting around the countryside near Los Angeles—and an agent hearing was issued by the California Fish and Game Department. Said spokesman Regis Young and some "We have lost people to breathe and hope we can stop

them spreading before they start killing our small mammals and insects.

But manna knows it's doing in the back of his head—glances that confirm says California biologist James B. Jewett. "One of the most violent persons known," it is a strong enough to cause temporary blindness in humans. But to offer respect to let has been on dogs. Said a Florida State Wildlife Service official. "One of them can literally chase a dog from its den. They're dog food. Not surprisingly dogs have the habit of picking them up and strutting them, thus releasing the poison into their mouths."

The other claim to fame of the giant lizards is the ability of the males to change sex and lay fertilized eggs if their reproductive organs are lost or damaged. It is a sex when they penetrated their legs and they are capable of flourishing the evolutionary chain. But as Young said, "We're talking about a 15-year-old boy who kept them out of California."

William Lovell

The ugly killer lizard 'Yudo mephis' one of the most violent persons known

*The Canadian government was asked on the same

Quicker embracing Bokassa in happier times, assumes deposed emperor for reading



Mauritania, Chad and last year's bloody revolt in Zaire's copper-rich province of Shaba, the French now maintain the second-largest foreign military presence in Africa, with approximately 15,000 men, compared to the Cuban 40,000. With six permanent bases from Senegal to Reunion Island, an Indian Ocean fleet which is second in size only to the Soviets' and a budget for military operations which in 1990 reached \$20 billion, the weekly *Nouvel Observateur* has more than once wondered "Are the French becoming the Cubans of the Western world?"

Others, however, accuse France of less altruistic aims of having staffed its African embassies with aggressive young diplomats intent on safe-guard-

Dubois thanks the French troops: \$100 million a year to a megapolitonic tyrant

ing French commercial interests on a continent rich with raw materials or, to put it bluntly, of economic imperialism. Last week, from Bam, Giscard defended himself by pointing out that Chad and the Central African Republic are two of the world's poorest countries—their damaged and uranium deposits difficult to reach and costly to extract. Indeed, most plausible is the doctrine *Cherry*—that is, reaping Soviet-inspired fruits in Africa, France as in fact protecting its interests in neighboring Niger and Gabon, with massive uranium deposits which are essential to France's urgent nuclear pro-

gram. In taking stands, however, the French are leaving themselves open not only to criticism but a potential boomerang. Last December, Giscard effected an emotional reconciliation with President Sékou Touré of Guinea-Bissau, who maintains one of the most criticized and repressive regimes in Africa. In Zaire, they have propped up the corrupt and faltering government of General Sese Seko Mubutu and, as the last week's developments showed, Duko, their hand-picked successor for Bokassa, has turned out to be both a loose-tipped balloon and, worse, unpopular.

In the process of backing him, they have propelled one of his rivals, former prime minister Ange Pitso, straight into the breach of the Libyans. And in Shanghai, they have now had to double the military force which is keeping Duko in power. As one observer put it: "The French made themselves responsible for the place. Now, God only knows when they'll ever be able to pull out."

China

A new Long March off Mao's path

The fireworks stayed in their boxes. The only parade on National Day featured 100 young artists and writers protesting against a police ban

007's boss goes after the IRA

The man who won the medal for "M" the spy master in the James Bond books was called from a part time teaching post in the classroom calm of All Souls College Oxford last week to put new zip into the lagging and unco-ordinated efforts to bring Ulster at the Provisional IRA. A 64-year-old bachelor of ample girth and thriving hair, the bespectacled Sir Maurice Oldfield retired last year as director-general of Britain's Secret Intelligence Service (SIS). As the top-master for a dozen years, his identity—though widely known—was officially a state secret. The official releases kept on. In the biographical data received by the British government on his new appointment, he 32 years with the British Foreign Office (in which the SIS nominally belongs) were dismissed in just 22 words. There was no mention of his work as intelligence. But there was no secret about his present post, confirmed by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher in anger in August when she flew to Ulster less than 48 hours after the



Oldfield: half a step in from the cold

1989 Dublin murders and the massacre at Warrington in which 16 soldiers died. Within two hours, she was given two very contradictory intelligence assessments by army and police chiefs. She flew back to London vowing that a superior was needed to knit the two security forces together. Officially, Sir Maurice will be senior to neither the police nor army commanders. But as he began work this week in a spe-

cially privatised operations room with a personal staff drawn from the army, police and civil service, no one was attaching much weight to the official line. And by coincidence, his job will be eased by other changes in command. Lieutenant-General Sir Timothy Christy is being replaced next this month as army chief and the Royal Ulster Constabulary's head, Sir Kenneth Newman hands over to his deputy in December.

So the men who once unmasked Soviet desert spy Kim Philby—and who recently landed with Sir Alec Guinness to help him with the TV role of George Smiley in John Le Carré's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*—has taken at least half a step into the intelligence world's cold clandestine world of the professional spook. (One British newspaper even named his favorite past in Derbyshire.) But only half a step. Sir Maurice is expected to use his espionage background to devise reviews of penetrating the Provisional IRA, now led by highly successful small cell-contained active service cells of both men and women, and his former close links with overseas intelligence networks, particularly in the IRA's main guerrilla training camps and money shipments to their base abroad.

Robert Bodwell



After dinner, the evening begins with a Band B.

Marked in red: Cambridge's Shirley Graham, left



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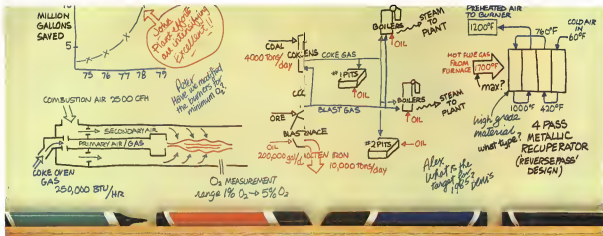
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as their outdoor display. Yet that, in itself, was a sign of the changes that have taken place in the 30 years since Mao Tse-tung established China's "proletarian dictatorship." And last week, as one billion Chinese rededicated themselves to their new Long March—modernizing the nation before the turn of the century—their eyes were still ringing with another sign of change: a denunciation by National People's Congress chairman Ye Jianying of the last seven years of Mao's 1966 Cultural Revolution.

While preserving Mao's personal status (his successors still need to claim his mantle), Ye acknowledged that there had been an "appalling catastrophe." The people's interests had sometimes been "seriously harmed as a result of mistakes in our work." But these had eventually been corrected—a point which was underlined by the quiet rehabilitation at a 30th anniversary exhibition of Lin Biao, who, 30 years ago, advocated many of the pragmatic economic reforms now being implemented—and was purged by Mao for his crimes.

Ye's confessionals ended there, however. He went on to claim, as the official press had already recorded, that three decades of revolution had brought tremendous achievements—and not only in the areas of nuclear weapons, guided missiles and earth satellites. The country, Taiwan excepted, had been unified, the "exploitation of man by man" abolished. Output, which was nearly three times higher in 1978 than in 1949. Expenditure for education at 230 million—was up nearly seven times. China's economy was still undeveloped, but one day its productivity would surpass that

The white and wifery's watch post-Mao China faces its 'lost generation'

of modern capitalist society.

These were confident words, and much of what Ye said was true, though travelers have found only seldom acceptance of Peking's rule in such minority areas as Tibet and Sinkiang. But if child prostitution and many infectious diseases have been eliminated, beggars are still a problem, and the gap between the peasants and the party officials is there for all to see. In addition, Ye did not directly address the very serious problem of China's "lost generation"—those now in their 20s and early 30s—whose chances of education and a decent job were destroyed by the chaos and isolation of the Cultural Revolution. While the journal *Economic Study* admitted earlier this year that there is a shortage of most, ages and other talents in China's cities, the country's rural areas have in fact 23 million, much with a population of one million or more.

Yet a start has been made on closing the enormous industrial-technological gap between what the Soviets left in 1960 and the capabilities of such countries as South Korea and Taiwan today. The influx of businessmen from the 120 countries with which China now has relations is severely straining the capacity of its hotels—they can even use Visa cards to pay their way—and the country has abandoned its earlier opposition to foreign credits. An announcement during the anniversary week it would accept aid from international lending agencies such as the World Bank, while the CPC recently established an aid office in Peking. The problems ahead will be serious,

too, by the continuing success of the birth control program which gives help to couples with one child but punishes those with more than two.

In the end, however, the quest for modernization comes down to an attempt, to restore national pride, or "face." The post-Mao leadership wants to give its 1960s victory to rebuild China as the nation-force of the history books. Looking back over the "ups and downs" of the past 30 years, Ye said: "Standing firm and proud among the nations of the world, our Great Motherland has become an ever-stronger force which nobody can ignore." And the Chinese seem determined to make a still bigger mark by the year 2000. □

United Kingdom

Benn's still not one of the boys

As Britain's Labor Party, still bitter in electoral defeat, last week engaged in bare-knuckled battle to decide the future course of the local brand of socialism, it looked for a while like a replay of every postwar election since the war. And blundering on the platform has ultimately led to a rebuff at the polls, notably the 1989 elections between left-wing Labour, Aneurin Bevan and Labor's then-leader Hugh Gaitskell which started a row that put Labor out of office for five years.

Last week's proceedings showed, however, that at least one man still around from that time had learned a lesson. Instead of meeting the left's challenge head on as Gaitskell did, former prime minister James Callaghan's defense of his leadership was staunch by comparison, and low-key. True, Callaghan suffered humiliating defeat by the left on two crucial constitutional issues—taking the ultimate power over government policy away from the leaders to the left-dominated National Executive Committee and ensuring that MPs be subjected to proportional re-election between elections. (The issue of extreme-left local party activists hoisting middle-of-the-road MPs has long disturbed Labor moderates.) But for now energy minister Tony Benn, the latter-day Bevan who grumbled complacently over those benches in the left, made little ground in his chief attempt to wrest the leadership from Callaghan.

A longtime socialist whose outspokenness (even to the workers' cause) remains a source of strong distrust in his own party as well as in the country at large, Benn launched an in-





Berni (left) confronts Colaghan at Labor's conference: Berni-naukle battle

possessed appeal for his style of leadership, including "taking on the business and banking communities" with widespread plans for mass public ownership.

Yet even as Berni, winning his customary rebuff, took the rostrum, anti-rooms and corridors outside the convention hall in south-coast Brighton began to buzz with revolt from a significant section of the people who backroll the Labor Party to the tune of \$2 million a year—the big union. While some had chosen their votes behind the leftist reformer, others were angered by the Berni faction's pro-emptive strike and at least four moved swiftly to cut off large chunks of the money they actually reg-

tribute to the chronically impoverished party coffers. *Electoral* leader Frank Chapple complained in the *Daily Mail* that the convention had undertaken "the extent to which organized

Trotskyism has succeeded in penetrating significant sections of the party."

The withdrawal of funds will last for a year, while a union-backed enquiry is held on party reforms. Therefore, the left's victories at Brighton cannot be consolidated for at least that time and Colaghan, though hurt by the renouncing he received, is unlikely to be ousted before he chooses to go.

Furthermore, for all Berni's euphoric reception in the convention hall, leadership odds are still strongly on Colaghan's as-yet unnamed choice as successor—most likely co-chairman Denis Healey, a pragmatic and intellectually formidable heavyweight planted firmly in the party's center.

Berni, 54, may figure he still has time on his side. But the man who decks his office with a huge trade union banner, drags tea out of a weekend's pin-point tea bag and changed the details of his education in *What's Mine—Inn's* elite Westminster School and Oxford University to the phrase "still in progress"—has a long way to go to persuade British voters that it all springs from a genuine wish to be one of the boys.

Carol Kennedy

LA LIBERTAD



Gonzalez: mixing charm with substance

The reformer who couldn't quit

He once sheltered behind the name of *Guerra Indiano* and General Franco's police strapped at his heels as he secretly called worker support at back-room meetings. Then he feigned the reluctant role of Spain's ineffectual Socialist Workers' Party, only to quit dramatically as secretary-general two months ago. But last week, he donned, now better known as the urban *Peter Gonzalez*, was back again in triumph.

The 37-year-old lawyer's re-election to the leadership of Spain's chief opposition party was bad news for Marxist hard-liners at the specially convened party conference in Madrid. But good news for Spain in general. Gonzalez had been accused of shuffling more charm than political substance, but he demonstrated plenty of know-how in delivering his opponents. The consideration of his leadership should allow the Socialists to provide tough but constructive opposition to Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez's conservative government in trying times ahead.

Gonzalez lost no time in speaking out against Blasquez's "anarchism," a refusal that is much on the national mind. The murders of three senior officers last month again raised fears of some nationalists, even a coup, and the Blasquez country and Catalonia are to vote shortly on referendum proposals, and finally that the violence will be stopped.

For the moment the Socialists plan to continue their alliance with the Communists in city halls, but will increase efforts to

strengthen their alliance at the trade unions where the better organized Communists are threatening disruptive action on a national scale. And all Socialist talk of more state ownership has ceased, before the center's subversion, as conceding for stability—a break on inflation and on unemployment. As Italian Socialist leader Bettino Craxi (an observer at the Madrid congress) noted: "Today no West European socialist party denies with sharp determination of identity. It is an example of adaptation to the reality of our time."

David Baird

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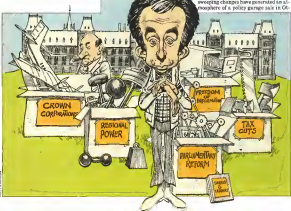
The boys in blue are back

By Robert Lewis

Not for 32 years* had a new Conservative prime minister, teaming with new plans and big dreams, sat in the red chamber to beg in the echo of his own throne speech opening a Parliament. Then, Queen Elizabeth came to town to deliver the words drafted by John Diefenbaker's minority government. The men were striped pants and morning coats and a solitary hand blazed out Telesovsky's 30.00 Ourselves. This week Ed Schrager, a former NRC premier named Governor-General by Pierre Trudeau, had the uncomfortable task of enjoining the principles of a Tory government which has reservations about the even holding the royal coat. Instead of formal attire, there were dark business suits. The band of the Royal 22nd Regiment from Quebec City played *Vive Le Canada* and *God Save the Queen*.

It was no accident that the tone was less ambitious and that there is muted tension surrounding the relations of

*Number days on Oct. 15, 1977



Schrager, as his appointment of the previous government, and the minority Tories. On the eve of the opening of the 31st Parliament, Clark, in effect, reiterated his call for Minding on the House. "The country needs a rest from government inverting ideas. Our modest purpose will be to take note of some of the good ideas which have grown up outside Ottawa, and then help them develop." As for Ottawa, Clark and Trudeau are as jumpy as dragflies about holdovers from the past Liberal regime—even to the point that the death of the federal career civil service, Gordon Robertson, announced a premature retirement last week (see page 34).

By design, the basic outlines of Clark's program for the fall were set in the semblance of a post-election answer, including mortgage tax credits, privatization, greater reliance on the private sector, government spending cuts, more power to regions, energy conservation and less secrecy in government. Clark's theory is that he has roughly a year to establish that people who voted for a change have got what they wanted. The drawbacks are that sweeping changes have generated an atmosphere of a policy garage sale in Ottawa.

laws. Decisions have been made, largely, by an unelected inner circle of fence parsons, some in opposition to the advice of civil servants now departed or threatened—and always with a minimum of public debate among electors who would mainly to judge Pierre Trudeau, not for specific Clark plans.

A divisive message is the government's decision to turn over control and ownership of off-shore resources to the provinces, a Tory election promise. First word of the agreement came casually in an encounter last month between Clark and reporters after his meeting with Newfoundland Premier Brian Topp. Last week, following a round of private talks with other premiers, Clark provided the first written confirmation of the terms. The issues still to be resolved in further federal-provincial discussions are striking potential conflict over by companies gruelled conflicting federal and provincial levels off Newfoundland's shores, establishment of boundaries between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to determine which province controls any new oil fields and a Supreme Court decision reinforcing the law's right to "explore and exploit" in the seabed off British Columbia, which may require a joint address from Parliament (including a Liberal-dominated Senate) to Westminster to change the constitution.

The determination to honor election commitments is laudable, but the apparent indifference to consequences is unsettling. For example, the government puts Canada up for sale to the private sector, but at the same time its publicly funded pledge to move the embassy in Tel Aviv to Jerusalem has threatened sales of 36 Canadian Challenger jets to Arab states. A second Canada nuclear reactor sale to Argentina goes from the table, and charges—and demands—that a tough new stand on human rights and nationality about safeguards were important factors (see page 42).

The government, admittedly, has time to bask in due its beaches in the minority Parliament. As Prime Trudeau put it after examining his notes: "We should give the government a chance to govern. We're getting what we expected, so why should we be disappointed." Added NRC leader Ed Broadbent: "We're not buying any principles on the deficit of the government."

Translation nobody wants to force an election, not even on the hot issues of

*Clark made four more party conventions but never held a full one. He visited Margaret Thatcher, rejected Don Douglas over the House and under G.D. Howard and William Dandridge as Newfoundland premier. The bridge over Clark's expected return to Ottawa means the return of his out of town party location, although Clark will not return Conservatives, P.O.A.

Slipping the noose through

Early next week, Conservative backbencher George Fergus will throw a loop of 36 below and the whole lot tabularia and silver rulings in the parliamentary restaurant. And although the first order of business will be what to have for lunch the day will have another decision to make: how long to bring back the death penalty obtained by Parliament in 1976.



George, no time to change the rules

George, a 35-year-old teacher representing the suburban Edmonton riding of Pentecost, has been gathering support since July for a private members bill on capital punishment. He plans to introduce it in the spring recess of Parliament and hopes it will come to a vote within a year. So far, George has written support from only 30 of the 262 now canvassed (Treasury Board President Sinclair Stevens

is the only cabinet minister, excepting Fergus, who is a recent pothole by the Canadian Police Association has revealed that more than 150 men—a majority—favor a return to capital punishment for premeditated murder.

"I'd divide at my meeting what I told the other side," he says. "There's a good chance we'll propose a referendum on the issue." Critical to the success of the bill, which is certain to be solely debated among party lines, will be the Tories' promised parliamentary reform package—in particular, the deal with regulations and time limits governing private members' business.

Although the opposition parties have improvements in the generous parliamentary procedure, they will attempt to block any changes that will make the Tories to "bring through" capital punishment legislation. Abolitionist and vice house leader Stanley Knowles says: "I see it as representative if the Tories want to bring back capital punishment, they should do it on government responsibility, not allow it through as a private member's bill. But we are unlikely as it can be. Liberal House leader Allan Rockfeller adds: "We won't let the government change the rules in order to push through a bill like capital punishment."

As it now stands, the 60 to 100 hours given over to private members' business each session in 1976 more than a meeting-less exercise in parliamentary democracy. Of the 200 bills and 40 to 50 motions introduced each session only about 60 members get debated. Most are "talked out" or defeated drop to the bottom of the list and are seldom heard of again. According to Greg Giffie, an aide to house leader Walter Baker, private members' bills are nothing but a chance for a lot of talk. He wants to create a structure to allow important bills such as capital punishment to come to a vote. Although very important House rules must have as early agreement and will not likely be implemented before spring, the Tories will propose that bills be debated more time be allowed for debate and a certain number of votes be required to bring a bill to a vote. The odds of the very soon as possible, it is not something you'd want to get a regulation on.

John O'Hara

Petro-Canada's future. Then, while the combined opposition has seven more seats than the government, not including Speaker Jean-Jacques, elected as a Liberal MP, the Conservatives can either assume Social Credit backing or calculated chances of opposition wins during confidence votes—starting this week.

More crucial for the government's long-term future is what occurs Clark will have in seeking a consensus with the provinces, notably Alberta and On-

tario, on the new, higher price for domestic oil and gas. He said himself as a man who could work with the premiers, but a statement excerpted from Clark this week on the matter was an attempt to offset the failure to conclude an agreement before Parliament met. The new effective deadline, Nov. 15, then, the parties square off in two by-elections, one in Newfoundland to replace provincial Liberal leader Don Jamieson, the other in John Diefenbaker's Prince Albert. ☐

Not what, but who they knew

They believe in a strong Ottawa, moderate interventionism, and free standards in social policy—and above all, in their Orange network of discreet generals who have run the federal civil service (and the country) since the Second World War. The personification of the breed is Robert Gordon Robertson, who for 34 years epitomized a man who advised his prime ministers. Yet, one by one since Joe Clark's election, the mandarins have been leaving government. The first to go was the head of the cabinet office, Michael Pitfield, fired because of his close ties to Pierre Trudeau. The latest was Robertson himself, cabinet secretary for federal-provincial relations, who last week took early retirement at 62. He did so despite an agreement with Clark to revive his duties after the Quebec referendum, which would have been a high point in his distinguished career.

Robertson's unspoken reasons—that his close association with past Liberal governments might "embarrass" Clark's efforts at new approaches—run against every fibre of his private conviction that the Canadian bureaucracy can be a legal instrument of any party in power. His departure, in fact, signals the end of that tradition, and a personality left by Clark would be U.S.-style politeness of the senior bureaucracy with changes whenever a new party takes over.

Robertson's power, largely undented on the outside, flowed from his central role in the placement of senior officers in departments a function he retained even after Trudeau replaced him with Pitfield in 1974 as head of the cabinet office. Now the appointment of top bureaucrats will be done by Clark's office, with the PM's top political strategist, Senator Lowell Murray, playing the key role in tandem with new cabinet secretary Marcel Massé, who helped Murray as the New Brunswick civil service for Conservative Premier Robert Houde in the mid-1970s.

Perhaps not coincidentally, although the permitted retirement of Robertson, Council of Canada Chairman Sylvia Ostry submitted her resignation on the same day as Robertson. The former head of Statistics Canada and the most powerful woman in the bureaucracy, Ostry was at pains to state that, her new Paris-based job with the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) was too good an opportunity to refuse. Her departure, however, has not settled the future of her



Robertson, the personification of the breed

husband, Bessie, the deputy minister to Minister of Consumer Services David Macdonald, had approved by Trudeau.

Another recent high-profile departure was that of Tommy Sheynans, Clark's constitutional adviser and the former deputy minister of finance and energy under Trudeau. Clark has yet to release his resignation letter, perhaps because it leaves little doubt about Sheynans's concerns that Clark has weakened federal clout by handing power to the provinces and that he has lacklustered constitutional reform. Sheynans also was concerned that the Tories replace Finance Deputy William Hoed with their own financial conservative, Grant Reeder—a move made under the objection of the minister, John Crosbie, and at the urging of Sue Roberts, who counsels with Hoed at a transition-period cabinet committee meeting.

The forces exist that they do not regard Robertson and company as personae Liberales. Clark, in fact, is noted on maintaining bloodletting by offering permanent job alternatives to most of the departing. But the Clark government is convinced the veteran mandarins have been around too long for quick policy change. The best reading on the muted departures came from a Conservative last spring, who remarked "Some of the people who now are in senior appointed positions will find themselves more comfortable outside of government." The speaker Joe Clark.

Robert Lewis

The supreme and inaccessible court

And the rattle of black robes and judicial whippers, the Supreme Court of Canada last week opened its fall session—one that could mark a turn in its 104-year-old history. The clock were the two empty chairs on the elevated walnut bench last week, with senior counsel law judge Ronald Marshall presiding in the centre chair. Missing were Chief Justice Brian Laskin and Justice Arthur Chouinard, formerly of the Quebec Court of Appeal, who took his place at week's end as the Clark government's first appointment.

Laskin was under intensive care in Toronto's St. Paul's Hospital recovering from abdominal surgery. Doctors about his health, which had worsened since his open-heart surgery 18 months ago, has now turned into open speculation about a sabbatical. Mark of that speculation is focused on Chouinard. His replacement Yves Pratte, who stepped down last June pleading ill health but sparking speculation about the real reasons for his retirement. Only two years earlier Pratte had come to the bench to replace Louis-Philippe de Grandpré whose own abrupt resignation after only three years had nothing to do with his health and a good deal to do with his sense of isolation and the lack of prestige that marks life in the nation's top court.

That three different Quebec judges have filed the vacancies sent in only five years—all appointments to a court where conservatives have been dominant for years, despite the ascendancy

Laskin was a man? If there is a big if.



Photo by David Johnston



Photo by David Johnston

of the so-called progressive Laskin—is striking. It is assumed that Chouinard will last longer than the previous two Quebecers, even that he has been favoured to take over should Laskin step down. After all, Laskin himself was called over the more senior Marshall, among reasons, now, by tradition, it is time for a chief from Quebec, and Chouinard's credentials are politically desirable. He is a former federal Conservative candidate in Quebec, and has served as the senior minister for both Union Nationale and Liberal governments in the province. His commission of inquiry also concluded in August that bilingualism in the air is a decision accepted with alacrity by the Clark government. If Chouinard eventually takes over, it is possible that Marshall, who has only 18 months to go before retirement at age 75, will be asked to do a caretaker stint.

The so-called Laskin Court, a popular term that informs other judges, is now winding down its sixth year—without its materials. So far, the court has been known less for its usual "1-3" division than for its big "10"—the dissent of the chief justice as Laskin has been isolated from a more conservative majority. Now, according to some court observers, a new middle stream is emerging, which may cut through the once-polarized court. The influence of the middle stream, made up of Brian Dickson, Wilfred Estey and the new B.C. judge, William McIntyre, hinges, as does so much else, on the return of the chief justice.

Chouinard's credentials politically desirable

Ironically, it is Kestey who represents Laskin's most important failure to influence court appointments in 1977. Laskin recommended Charles Robit of the Ontario Court of Appeal for the Ontario seat which was filled, instead, by Edgar Doherty, the ideal of reform-minded Ontario in 1974, was made a natural philosophical ally for Laskin. If Laskin has been thwarted in his efforts at political reform, he has no one but himself to blame for a surprisingly weak administration record. A good example is a case of his own making—the public image of the Supreme Court. He has made this his personal crusade and in a series of speeches has severely criticized the media's official coverage of that province's courts. The two decisions will come down together, although Laskin's illness and Yves Pratte's resignation have complicated things. Pratte's successor, Chouinard, will not sit on the Forest case because he did not sit on it. Laskin will sit out in frustration in his hospital room.

There is not much doubt that the court's ruling on those cases will uphold Canada's linguistic duality. But a larger question remains: will the Laskin Court be seen as a major era in Canadian legal history, or will it sit in the shadow of a period of dashed hopes? Elizabeth Gray

The court ruled that its judges could not be charged with an offence—conduct of the revolution—with which no other Canadian could be charged.

interested in preserving reform, that is implementing change" at this level, accorded his administrative willingness to an obscure fear of offending his more conservative brethren. Laskin as well will have appeal to soothe more stridently formed persons in the interests of judicial harmony, but it provides an eerie glimpse of this otherwise far-sighted and rational judge that he continues to serve The Canadian Press, the only news-gathering institution that has consistently assigned a senior reporter to cover his court.

Judicial harmony notwithstanding, the eight headless judges are now launched into a heavy workload. Some key questions among the 36 cases:

• Did Manitoba have the right in 1978 to ship a \$1.5-million tax assessment on Air Canada for the use made by its aircraft of Manitoba airspace? And there is a larger question: What "owns" the airspace above?

• Can the Bill of Rights override a federal statute, in this case the Defence Act, under which a Canadian Armed Forces private was tried by military tribunal for trafficking in marijuana? If the court's answer is yes, the private may be retried in a criminal court and the use of military tribunals may be curtailed. (But this Supreme Court has not allowed the Bill of Rights to overrule anything since Joe Dyckhouse in 1970.)

• When a rape trial runs and when is it set before a national anti-racism party? Vancouver businessman George Papajohannis is asking the court to rule on what constitutes consent.

By far the best-known case this year, though, involves the question of official languages—and the court is hearing the appeal of that case this fall. The first half, the Constitutionality of Quebec's Bill 101, was heard last spring, but a decision awaits the appeal of Franco-Manitoba Georges Fournier, who is challenging Manitoba's act of 1980 making English the sole official language of that province's courts. The two decisions will come down together, although Laskin's illness and Yves Pratte's resignation have complicated things. Pratte's successor, Chouinard, will not sit on the Forest case because he did not sit on it. Laskin will sit out in frustration in his hospital room.

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The unmaking of a president

In more placid academic times the choice of a new scholar to lead a provincial university could be accomplished diplomatically behind closed faculty doors with no sound louder than the dry rattle of the candidates' curricula vitae. But with the dissolving of the University of New Brunswick into a major institution of some 1,100 full-time and part-time students, a feeling arose on its two campuses at Fredericton and Saint John that some more democratic process was needed to find a successor for President Dr. John Anderson, whose term expired June 30. By last



week, however, this was left with the feeling of having been put through a three-ring collared circus—and was still without its own prey.

Early last year a presidential search committee was appointed, three members from the senate (an academic body) and three from the board of governors (representing government, business leaders, alumni and students). The vacancy was advertised, candidates carefully evaluated and the committee's choice finally announced as Dr. Paul V. Casanova, curriculum of arts at Ontario's University of Windsor. But then the democratization process went into high gear and the unforeseeable surprised someone found himself being called before public hearings on both campuses and subjected to lengthy questioning by

Acting President Casanova "in public circles"



almost everyone but faculty wives. Board member Eldon Thompson, who is president of the New Brunswick Telephone Co., called it "a public circus." Saint John Mayor Samuel Dunn said it was just his running for his job, "which it should be."

Casanova kept his cool, however, performed impressively under fire and appeared well on his way to getting the job—until acting President Dr. Thomas Condon (vice-president of 1981's Saint John campus and appointed to fill in temporarily following President Anderson's departure) announced last February that his hat was also in the ring. And that did it.

Faculty members circulated a petition, which 258 signed, urging outside Casanova's election to clean up what

Candidate Casanova: cheered members

some described as the "complete chaos" in the university's financial administration. Then 30 members of the university's board of trustees fired a counterblast that Casanova did not "justify the essential criteria for the office of president of this university." Finally, the whole thing erupted in an exhausting joint meeting of the senate and board of governors. Neither candidate managed to pull the required majority of both bodies and the stalemate persisted through three ballots. Now this must begin all over again—by finding a new presidential search committee. Last week chemistry professor Israel Unger resigned as the search chairman, explaining candidly that "I have no reason to believe [any] candidate acceptable to the university community would be acceptable to the board of governors and senate." David Folster

CL-215 aircraft purchased by Venezuela.

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GEOFF JOHNSON

PEI

Working the lobster shift with a bat

It is a desolate spot of land, jutting out into the ocean. Two men in a pickup are staring out to sea when another truck appears. The men sit in the first pair to leave—the pickupmen absent on a cruise heading for the only inn out, on an early truck out. One truck is the road, the others her escape into the bordering fields. Terrified, the threatened pair force their truck over a ditch and through a barbed-wire fence to evade the roadblock. A nightmarish Hollywood-style chase follows, with repeated attempts to force them off the road before they reach the nearest village, where their unattended truck is a threat to a thousand.

But the scene is not as screaming. It was played out for real, late last week, on the western tip of Prince Edward Island. Nor was it an isolated incident. The men in the pickup truck were 29-year-old Ken Milligan of Poplar Grove and 31-year-old Joe Gaudet of Upperville, both fishermen who are working as lobster "guardians" this year. They are two of 35 men hired by

the PEI Fishermen's Association with government funding to police the lobster fishery. The men have been raised as other fishermen determined to obstruct any effort to stop lobster poaching.

The fishermen department's guardian program started during the fall lobster season in 1978 and has been raised a great success for two seasons during which the repeated laying of poaching charges has greatly reduced illegal fishing. In fact, just having the knowledgeable guardians on the job seemed to discourage the catching of undetected lobsters and selling traps in closed areas. However, trouble began for the lobster wardens when the poaching program was extended to include the North Cape area, near the western tip of the island, and recently 15 charges of harassment and damage to property have been laid against half a dozen individuals, who will be hauled into court starting next week.

Lobstermen on the western tip and south side of PEI are allowed to fish the fall season (Aug. 15 to Oct. 15), while those on the north side and eastern tip of the island operate May 1 to June 30. However, a certain number of fishermen at North Cape are permitted to cross their closed waters in the fall and go fishing in the open, southern area. Some of these men have taken to poaching in the closed area on their way through. Unfortunately for guardians Milligan and Gaudet, they work the North Cape area, so they have drawn most of the threats—and rocks hurled from ambush. But neither plans to back

down. "We have to stay on the job," says Milligan. "We both live in the area and if we were to quit now, word would get around that we were beaten and then we'd really get hell." Milligan says forcefully he has received as threats toward his young family, other than vague references about "spending the night with his wife" while he is at work.

Gaudet, who intends to reply as a guardian for the spring season, is adamant about it. "I'm in it now and I'm not going to leave."

The guardians aren't the only ones to suffer the poachers' ire, however. One night recently Milligan and Gaudet found and confiscated a catch of poached lobster. The poachers assumed they had been rattled or by another fishermen and when the luckless lobstermen returned to port next day, there were 36 men waiting for him on the dock. The RCMP warned him by radio and directed him to weather harbor but when he arrived there, the gang had already ahead of him. Four men jumped into his boat, assaulted him and tossed him overboard. After that he spent many nights lying in the grass outside his home, armed with a shotgun. As for Milligan and Gaudet, their pickup is now equipped with a mobile telephone, a DeLorean pinpointer and baseball bats. "We haven't had to use the bats yet," says Gaudet, "but I sure wouldn't want to drop out where someone else could pick it up."

—Susan Solomon

Quebec

The evolution of a revolutionary

"One error was to lose patience," former P.Q. terrorist Jean-Pierre Charrette told reporters in Montreal last week. Patience is an odd word to hear from a man with his past. Ten years ago, Charrette and his friends in the Front de libération du Québec planted bombs and kidnapped politicians in hopes of speeding up the course of Canadian history, a legacy that they believed was stifling Quebec's future. "We were sure we were the wise people up," he says. But Charrette, a free man at 36 after serving three months in prison for the three bombs he planted in Montreal in 1985, has had a long time to consider the folly of tampering with evolution while sitting as an exile in

Charrette: In Cuba I discovered Canada!



Cuba, watching Quebec unfold in the 1990s.

Charrette returned to Canada in January of this year, disillusioned with the Latin American island that was to have been the model for his independent, socialist Quebec, and ready to pay the penalty to live again with Canadians—"a people with an enormous generosity and open-mindedness that matches the broadness of their country. I know that sounds awfully positive. But it was only in Cuba that I discovered Canada."

Charrette left Cuba "as a person's son given," and his just-released (French not only book, *Mes dix années d'exil à Cuba* [My Ten Years of Exile in Cuba]) is a warning "in a new kind of revolutionary" of the wide gap between theory and practice in socialist societies. As a translator with the weekly foreign supplement to *Granma*, Cuba's official newspaper, he became increasingly aware of "the contradictions of Fidel Castro's head of communism" and of that society's restrictions on individual liberties.

Charrette, still a firm believer in Quebec Independence, regrets the impact of the 1980s, but understands why he and the P.Q. kidnappers did what they did. "If we had been able to see into the future to a day when Quebec would have a government working for independence, we would never have done what we did." Charrette is not a member of the Parti Québécois, but only because he is not convinced the strategy of the René Lévesque government will succeed in bringing about separation. "There's still a strong feeling of patriotism in Canada toward Quebecers, a feeling we won't be able to run things on our own...that we'll suddenly become a tributary state, or produce another Maurice Duplessis." Both Quebec and Canada mirrored while Charrette languished in Cuba, arguing with the other side, and he believes there is no chance of a repeat of the events of October 1976, when Canadian army troops patrolled the streets of Montreal, after arresting innocent P.Q. supporters. "The October Crisis was a warning to all Canada—I was an action that ran against all our traditions of respect for rights and liberties."

When Charrette joined the P.Q. in 1988 after the pre-independence Rassemblement pour l'indépendance Nationale fell apart, he encountered a lot of "negatives"—everything English or Canadian he had "had" was all in Quebec was good. That kind of racism, intolerance and intolerance has no part in his social democratic vision of the Independent Quebec of the future. "You know, the SNP really is the party of the future—after independence of course."

—Larry Black



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Though the figures are clouded by vague "classified" barware, sources close to the U.S. Secret Service revealed last week that it has cost the American taxpayer \$1.8 million to protect former-president-turned-beat-vist Gerald Ford over the past 18 months. "It's the traveling," says the source. "He's in a different city every day. And it's not just his bodyguards who go along. A military bomb squad and all kinds of other people are kept in transit." Other former presidents have been reduced to sit back and let the world come to them, but Ford accepts all kinds of revolutions and seems to crave the spotlight while playing up about the possibility of another run at the presidency. Ford's \$138,000-a-month is hardly a drop in the Secret Service bucket, since its budget for 1990 has been set at \$157 million. About \$27 million will be spent on protecting presidential candidates and it is estimated that Senator Edward Kennedy's security blanket will absorb \$3 million.

For three years, I set it a hatchback and said either, "And it's back," or "Get some today," recalls **Paul D'Arbanville**, who began her career as an Ivory soap commercial baby. Now 28 and a long way from her shiny start, she's being touted for an *Academy Award* for her supporting role as **Ryan O'Neal's** feisty girlfriend in *The Man Event*. In Montreal, D'Arbanville is starring in *Mr. Wolf*, a motorcycle-themed *Animal House* as one of the "good girls." She lied about her ability to handle a "big" in order to get the part and, after suffering several splits on sandy rutted roads, the lipped-out actress admits she's getting her "just desserts."

For her role in *Don's* lightest series *Whisper*, **Tanya Van De**, rubber-faced **Paul** must put down her man-baiting puns from the *Waldays of Lough-In* and add a whole new series of satirical names including drama teacher **Miss Portner** and secretary **Miss Tala**. Besides developing comic characters, the affable **Paul** has also taken time out for flaky-lady roles in films such as *The Apple Dumpling Gang Rides Again* and the coming *State Town, U.S.A.* **Paul**, 43, enjoys spending her off-camera hours staging reality and western scenes with her second husband, **Kevin Perkins**, 42, whom she met in 1968 *Lough-In* fashion on the set of *Celebrity Roasting*. In addition to the western workaholic, **Paul** readily admits to other idiosyncrasies. "I wear fumes from Frederick's of Hollywood. Can't you tell?" **Spence**, *spence*.

After former Liberal cabinet minister **Paul Miller** integrated the *Armed Forces* in 1967, navy computer analyst **David** *David* decided it was time to get out. **David's** second career, as a builder, began during his navy days, starting with a van deck and working up to whole houses. It was a natural call, according to **Gurt**, who says "if you're in the navy you don't get much money, so the only way you get a nice house is if you can do it for yourself." When the housing market in Victoria, B.C., dipped, **British-born Gurt** began catering about for another career and came up with writing. The result is *Frederick*, an intricate-infused novel about institutional espionage, which has moved up-chapter **Alvin** *Mark*.

D'Arbanville and hops just desserts



Paul: western working and fun

to describe the first-care novelist as "among the most outstanding new storytellers I have come across in years." **Gurt**, 43, is now devoted to writing because of the financial rewards he has been reaping. Signs he unabashedly: "Good, I think, is always very important in these things."

Last week **Red Butters**, 60, took time away from the filming of the next-home comedy *Our Your Doctor* to celebrate **Yam Kipper** at Toronto's Beth Shalom Synagogue, but he couldn't avoid the spotlight. In the middle of the service **Rabbi David** *Wasson* passed to introduce the red-headed comic. "Applause is a synagogue was unexpected," says **Butters**. Ever the performer, "I almost started doing one of my routines."

As if things weren't bad enough in *British*, yet another myth has fallen by the wayside with the revelation that **Winston Churchill** did not make the famous radio speech "we shall fight on the beaches." Instead the "fighting words" text was mouthed by **Norman Shelley**, a veteran actor and broadcaster who also brought the voice of **A.A. Milne's** *Poor Bear* to life on British children's radio 48 years ago. "It was my finest hour," remembers **Shelley**, 76, "but I was more in sorrow." As the story now goes, **Churchill** made the original speech in the House of Commons on June 4, 1940, but when the War

Office requested a repeat performance for radio propaganda the old bulldog growled "Get an actor!"

This summer's horror boom was to a large degree triggered by the fantastic popularity of **Frank Langella's** sensual neuroticism in *Devils* and **George Hamilton's** hang-on-the-vampire in *Love at First Bite*. **Hamilton** seems hooked on the night stalker and has recently been denied permission to rent **Count Dracula's** Transylvanian homeland by the Romanian government, which does not agree with his characterization. But out of the house of it all, expert **Langella** to return in a even more capricious incarnation as a 1930s semi-erotic dance man in a musical love story that begins **Brian** *Sikorski's* *Leaves Only in Its Title—These Less Than These*. The story revolves around the struggle of a captured opera troupe which spends a grainy-painted summer holiday in Cleveland, and **Langella** has been spending long hours before the tape recorder practicing his melodic tones. According to producer **Mark** *Jeff*, **Langella** is liable to be as lethal to women as he was the last time around. Not only that, he gets to wear a cape. "But this time it's red."

Hiding on the Greek island of **Hydra**, is a tradition for poet **Lowell** *Cohen*, 45. The self-confessed "nostalgic, nonpolitical Jew" added away the summer with his children, **Lorca**, 3, and **Adam**, 7, though their mother **Suzanne** said was nowhere to be seen. The children were reportedly cared for by a girl called **Gina**, while **Cohen** walked away the kids with a Romanian named **Mina**.

Langella: a neck-slapping song and dance



Cohen and Michelle: a good a holiday

chelle **Cohen** recently recorded a new set of songs called *Recent Songs* in Los Angeles, and last week began a *Rare* tour. "I don't make songs for my back," said the sustained moment before he left *Hydra*. "People should walk down to them. I don't care. I just want to find out who I am."

Came **Pat** *Faulstich* is definitely running and not running in next year's U.S. presidential race. Perhaps the greatest candidate since **Senator Edward** *Kennedy*, **Paulsen** *del Marlin* "I have announced my candidacy in several states and intend to do it in several others. In Canada, it's okay to announce it in Toronto, but not in Montreal. I like to keep people off-balance and Canada has been off-balance for years." Is joining with his previous campaigns in 1968 and 1972, the 40-year-old political natural, who turned a wide following on *The Southern Brothers Comedy Hour*, intends to run without a platform. And he won't be avoiding megaphones in barbers and bunnies. "I'm not putting any money into getting a job like that."

ever best one to avoid the season and his latest film, *The Winner* *Shawls*, finds **Chuck** *Van Dyke* playing a priest who goes on trial for murdering the man he loves. **Kramer** maintains that the film is not about religion but about his own questioning of values. "Everything I was once sure about, I'm not sure of anymore," he says, crying covert *Chil* *Shawls* as one cause for disillusionment. **Kramer** gets to vent his sexually conscious opinion once a week in his local paper, *The Seattle Times*, for which he writes a column called *It's A New World*. "I write about Anna Bryant, capital punishment, punk rock in schools and nuclear plants," he says with delight. "It stirs things up and I get lots of nasty mail."

Defeated former cabinet minister for everything—including what **Otto** *Lang* has come to roost in *Winnipeg*, an province out of his former role in *Angels*, long houses in *East* at *Pioneer* *Grange*, the largest private grain company in the country. Initially, the appointment was predated by NDP House leader **Stanley** *Kucina* because of a Liberal cabinet conflict of interest guideline. **Lang**, however, "has been involved in everything" and has put down roots by purchasing a \$155,000 house on *poth* *Kingsway* Avenue. The mansion, complete with ballroom and indoor fountain, has been on the market for three months and was purchased from the University of *Winnipeg*. With house and job secured **Lang** has just one familiar problem—Winnipeg has a nasty crime.

Edited by *Manila* *Boat*





Sports

Now it's a game for all seasons

By Hal Quinn

Never have so many played so often for so much. Starting this week, the tarnished, patched and expanded location of the so-called national sport of this country, the National Hockey League, writes its season patterns to ignore the state of the art, forget that numerous non-humans players are older than many in the crowd, prefer their deflated dollars

and loath excitement during 800 games that pay \$11 arena cash registers and elaborate a mere fee of 21 teams from post-season play. The season, which commences and the crescendo of the bowl season, climaxes as the half-players take to the field again, and break-side sailing more than the possibility that 61 more games might have to be played to decide if, once again, the Montreal Canadiens are the best... in this league.

Geoffries (right), Bob Hainey (left) and Doug Jarvis. Back from exile in Atlanta

The war with the interlopers, the World Hockey Association, is over, ending salary battles, inflated bonuses for untold rookies, and bringing four new teams into the fold—the Edmonton Oilers, Winnipeg Jets, Quebec Nordiques and the Hartford Whalers. The merger accomplished what four previous NHL experiments had failed to do—bring the NHL to more than three Canadian cities. And it gave the assorted owners of the franchise hope that perhaps one day less than half of their gate receipts (\$66 million last year) would be upstaged off by agent-guarded players. It also gave the owners glimmering hopes that, like the average person's dream of owning a home, the average player's salary of \$200,000 (up from \$100,000 in 1972 when the WHA started) would level off and eventually recede. But the owner's ultimate fantasy, a U.S. network television contract—the lifeline of the other "major" pro sports—remains as elusive and ephemeral market hole, as realistic as saying you know you should have bought gold at \$85. North American hockey fans may be gullible and forgiving, but there remain precious few among the unconcerned ready for the Colorado Rockies versus the Atlanta Flames in prime time.

Bobby Hull made the move with his defences for dollars in 1972, and when part of the WHA was made part of the NHL, in retirement, returned to the stage. It did not matter to most that the swelling efforts of the Black Hawks—by missing nostalgia, and the Golden Jet to Chicago Stadium—were blazingly successful and desperate.

The league reached its depth of self-parody when late last year Toronto Maple Leaf owner Harold Ballard fired his coach Roger Neilson, on national TV, only to retire him the next day. He asked Neilson to appear that night wearing a paper bag over his head. The idea was that the suspense over who was the fool and the bag would be high-on unbearable, the flood of love when Neilson revealed his emotion would be near pandemonium. Neilson demurred, and the photos of glory-day players Auer, Jokat, Howe, Morin, Charlie Conacher et al were spared.

The over-the-hill maple between playoffs and pre-season featured the duce of the coaches, Ballard went after everyone, and nobody came; Sente Bawman left the St. Louis Blues and the Canadian behind for more upward mobility in Buffalo and was replaced by the former Canadian great Bernie (Boom-Boom) Geoffries, returning from exile in Atlanta. Neilson joined Bawman, Don Cherry left Boston for Colorado, and Punch Linton and Floyd



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Really finally came back to Toronto. Fred Coughlin travelled to Boston from Atlanta, replaced by Al MacNeil from Montreal and Ed Johnston took over in Chicago.

And with the merger, records were returned. Gordie Howe's phenomenal statistics were returned to the NHL books. But no training camps came to a close last week. Howe, 51, was suffering dizziness spells, and it was up to him and his doctors to decide whether or not there was another chapter left in the legend. Others, less storied, had decided there wasn't any for them. Ken Dryden, the scholarly and erudite observer of the game, chose, at age 32, to stop stopping pucks for Montreal. Teammate Jacques Lemaire finally tired of sticks barking about his face, and chose to play in Switzerland. Yet again from the era of a six-team league will carry on. Dave Keon, 39, will tell for Hartford, Frank Mahovlich will give it a whirl in Detroit, Rex Maki will skate for Chicago, though disappointed at 36 that no youngster has come along to displace him, the relative youngster Marc Tardif has discovered that at 30 there is enough money in Quebec to entice him to continue, and the eternal Yves Gosselin is trying to read-man again in Montreal.

The euphoria of entry into the NHL has boosted season ticket sales in Ed-



Nelson (right) and Rivest leaving paper bags and cups behind for a duel in Buffalo

monton from 8,000 to 15,248 (sellout), in Quebec from 6,440 to 10,000 and 7,300 in Winnipeg to 10,000. But if those fans are looking forward to the long awaited arrival of the "big" clubs and new rival-

ries, they had best be patient. The NHL has signed with four divisions, whose names—Patrick, Adams, Smythe, Norris—require instant identification only to employees of the league. Quebec City landed in the Adams group, Montreal, of course, in the Norris. Edmonton and Winnipeg fell in with the weak sisters of the Smythe Division. Vancouver among them, but each team in the league plays the other 30 four times. Thus home fans will be treated to each real—imagined or real—rival.

They had better keep their programs. It's the 50th go-round for the NHL; the ambitions for this season and the next few are clear. Salaries have to be held down so that the endangered franchisees can at least lose less money. The talent pool that now lags on European shores regularly has to be lured to see if it can withstand the expanded draft, and the patrons asked how long they will suffer duress before they turn off the tap. Phase I of the season plan wraps up April 6. By then Montreal should have won the Norris (again), Boston the Adams (again), the New York Islanders the Patrick (again) and Chicago the Smythe (by acclamation again). It will still be too early to tell about some of the troubled franchises and the depth of talent, but fewing cash master receipts may well have answered the question of the tap. ☐

Young Moses from Samoa

In the B.C. Lions locker room they call him Moses, and they hope he'll take them to the promised land—the Grey Cup. On the field they have come to love the polished talent that led him to compile 26 of 40 pass attempts in the past two games, including 18 in a row against Toronto in Calgary Aug. 28. He choreographed in bits: a three-pass 84-yard march to hit the Stampede's 15-17 in the 3rd 37 seconds.

The source of all the heat is an awe-struck Samoan youth with the good looks of D.J. Simpson and an arm loaded by Smith and Wesson. He's Joe Pasopao (paw-paw), elevated in the past seven weeks from tailback anonymity to championship status as starting quarterback for the ailing B.C. Lions. He has wit, often in the maddening, chaotic style that has earned him this big "Cadeau Kala" (love of his four starts and become the most talked-about rookie in the Canadian Football League).

In 1977 Pasopao was stocking shelves at \$2.99 an hour in Colborneville while working out with the Okanagan Bengals of the National Football League. Discouraged, considering dropping football alto-



Pasopao: an arm loaded by Smith & Wesson

gether, he wandered, streaming in blood into a B.C. Lions training facility in Hamilton Beach, California. Lions sportsmen saw a spark and suggested he come north. A Lions understudy through 1979, he was finally cut by coach McVie in July. In a desultory reprise he was called back to replace Carlos Brown as backup quar-

back Aug. 15. When veteran Q.B. Jerry Taggaro went down in Hamilton Aug. 21, he led the way called in.

Certainly it hasn't been easy for a youngster from a close-knit family of 12 who didn't really want to play football in the first place. "I was a pop-pole kid," he explains in a liquid Cantonese drawl, but with five of his brothers on football scholarship he missed, along them in a Pasopao dynasty at Colborneville High School where all six particularly were the talented number 41. It was there an older brother that he learned the "Johnny Ukaas" over the air and found through "throwing style" that earned him yet another nickname. "Jo Jo Gar."

With first place in the West possibly to be decided by a New 3 game with Edmonton, the scrappy Rapo is cautiously enthused by the fact he really kicked off. Although Pasopao is touted as a natural for the West's Rookie of the Year honors and a strong contender for the Canadian award, most such as three fumbles and a leg bailing, kamikaze line rush in last week's Winnipeg game kept Rapo growing on the corners of his play book. Lion centre Al Milson is even less sentimental about new sensations. "He's enjoyed the glory," says the hailing referee, "now he's going to have to get rid and learn to pick himself up off his ass." Roadside od of wilderness are tough.

Thomas Hopkins

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Business

The deal that never was

By James Fleming

The shocked officials of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited (AECL) seemed to be the last to hear the bad news. After spending six hectic months trying to land a \$1.3-billion contract with Argentina for a second Cando reactor, they learned last week that the deal had gone to West German and Swiss competitors. But any shock infused longer was not long-lasting. Within hours, AECL's export chief Ross Campbell fired the first volley in a public slumping match over who was to blame for losing the contract—a loss that has jeopardized the future of AECL and the whole of Canada's \$5,000-plus nuclear industry.

A knee-tipped Campbell tried to pin the blame for the disaster on the Conservative government and its Liberal predecessor which, he said, waffled on the nuclear safeguards issue, toughening them in 1974 and again in 1976. Then, taking direct aim at Secretary of State for External Affairs Flora MacDonald, Campbell said that Argentina had seemed ready to buy the reactor until her sudden speech to the United Nations on Sept. 24 in which she deplored Argentina's human rights record (an estimated 15,000 people have "disappeared" since the military government of President Jorge Rafael Videla took over in 1976). And worse, he said, her remarks after the speech, supporting even tighter nuclear safeguards, amounted to further waffling at a time when Minister of State for International Trade Michael Wilson was in Buenos Aires assuring officials that no further changes in Canada's safeguards policy would be made.

MacDonald was quick to brand the charges against her as "insane." And, in fact, she was right: none of her remarks figured in the Argentine decision. Macdonald's has learned that the decision to award the contract for the reactor is Germany's Kraftwerk Union and the heavy water plant to Gähwiler Scher, a Swiss company, was made several days before Macdonald's US speech. And for a month before that the Argentines had all but made up



Canada's Pickering plant, Campbell and (bottom) Wilson thoroughly undermined



their minds to scrap the Cando package.

If AECL was left looking long-faced when the deal collapsed, that ignorance was not helped by the explanation for the Argentine decision given by Rear Admiral Castro Nader, president of Argentina's National Atomic Energy Commission. A major factor, the admiral said, was the poor construction record of the previous Cando reactor which Argentina purchased from Canada in 1973 for \$220 million. Originally slated for completion by 1980, its start-up has since been pushed back to 1982 at a swollen cost of about \$1 billion after a succession of contract renegotiations. In contrast to this poor performance, however, the Germans KWU built the Atucha project for his country in six years "at the price specified in the contract." As well, the new German plant, he maintained, would prove less costly in the long run.

Castro Nader's explanation, however, was regarded as a verbal smoke-screen by many familiar with the negotiations, who maintain the real attraction of the West German contract was that it provided for stricter safeguards than Canada's, thereby allowing Argentina more flexibility to develop a nuclear bomb. With peaceful endogenous supplies of uranium, and a plutonium reprocessing plant reportedly being built with South African help by the end of 1990, Argentina will soon have the ability to produce a bomb—an attractive option in view of its fierce rivalry with Brazil for South American dominance.

So Canada, having already supplied Argentina with one reactor, faces the prospect that its reputation in the nuclear field will be further soured by an Argentine bomb. (Canada is still recovering from the accumulated ignominy of the Indian nuclear explosion in



the \$100 million he took in the 1973 Argentine deal, and the expected profits used to secure that deal, as well as a South Korean contract in 1976.

As it is, the loss of the sale may have already dealt an irreparable blow to Canada's nuclear industry anyway. As such, a Campbell-made deal, Canada stands in danger of losing further contracts with Argentina (which has plans for three more reactors to complete a \$5-billion program) because KWU has been given the right of first refusal on future deals. And that has effectively torpedoed the hopes of the 40-member Organisation of Canada Industries which needs such deals to pull the industry out of the doldrums. Worse still, the prospects for other international sales is nothing to depend the glow. Now that Canada is a lower in reactor sales, AECI's Campbell is not looking too optimistic about the chances of sales currently under negotiation with Japan (a deal which was faltering anyway), Italy, Korea and elsewhere. On the whole, admits Campbell, Canada's already ill-starred record has now been "thoroughly undermined."



Croble in Bangladesh: a \$40 shot of wheat

about two weeks ago in the recent time of 11 months. The plan was to create and the service system, but for the past week the hotel has been the venue of an intricate series of back-and-forth negotiations between the world's economic powers as the International Monetary Fund (IMF) met for the first time in its history in a Communist country.

The Canadian delegation led by Finance Minister John Doolittle, was installed in Room 134 on the first floor of U.S. Treasury Secretary William Miller

was just down the corridor, as were the French, British and Japanese finance ministers. Most of the Arab oil producers, including the Saudis, were on the second floor immediately above. Third World delegations were tucked away in the upper reaches of the hotel. Unlike most international conferences, at the annual meetings of the IMF and World Bank no one proceeds that all countries are equal. Votes and influence are allocated strictly according to economic might, hence the distribution of rooms at the Bangladesh International was more than just symbolic. While English was the medium of communication for all, at times the delegates seemed to be speaking different languages. The industrialised powers accused the Arabs of disrupting the world economy and feeding inflation by the huge rises in the price of oil. The OPEC countries replied by saying that the real problem was the inefficient use of energy in the West, and particularly the United States. And the developing countries kept up a chorus of demands for a massive transfer of resources between rich and poor.

The chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board, Paul Volcker, flew home early to ponder a possible new support package for the beleaguered U.S. dollar, during a week when gold prices fluctuated wildly between \$400 (U.S.) an ounce and \$300.30, closing the week at \$286. For its part, a group of IMF experts was committed to explore the feasibility of a "substantial account" to reserve the U.S. dollar of its role as the world's leading reserve currency. The

On the banks of the River Sava

Canada's Intercontinental Hotel, a prominent rectangular box-like structure rising from the banks of Yugoslavia's Sava River, was finished

Who gets the credit?

Banking in Canada moved into a new decade to complicated events last week with the arrival of credit cards at a time when, followed by the introduction of credit cards, they will also soon be widely offered by credit unions as well. Finally breaking into the mainstream was the exclusive (or nearly so) of the chartered banks. These two "new banks" make the decision to enter the plastic game. Explains George May, head of the Canadian Co-operative Credit Society Ltd.—London, the very first embodiment of bank-based on savings of members' needs and "The growing convenience provided by these cards."

It was a late overnight decision. For Canada Trust, a subsidiary of Canada Trustco Ltd., of London, Ontario, one of Canada's largest trust companies, negotiations had been going on since 1972, and last week a series of meetings of the company's 150 branches culminated months of careful

marketing strategy mapped out by Vice-President Sam McManera. The first of the first companies to offer the card, Canada Trust is offering the gateway to credit cards (30,000 have already been ordered) to credit card users, with those using their credit cards to open a new Canadian card—most astonishing of all—a 14 per cent interest rate (compared to the usual 18 per cent) until the end of 1982. Scarcely able to conceal his conservative banker's distrust for Canada Trust's promotional income buzz, Al Baker, vice-president of the Bank of Montreal, Ontario, cautions: "It's not a real move economically on any body's part in an expanding environment," he says. (It leads to a new marketing strategy in the marketplace regarding the card of money from Bank of Montreal, vice-president of Interbank International co-president for MasterCard, New York, says Canada Trust's tactics are "exceptional and quite unusual." While not disclosing the fee it paid to the Bank of Montreal as the President in order to enter the credit card program, Canada Trust admits that expense, plus the cost of administering the lower interest rate, will result in only a

losses. "It's part of the marketing process we're paying to get into business," says McManera.

Canada Trust competitors Victoria and Grey Trust and Mutual Savings & Loans will also be announcing deals with MasterCard but like the credit unions, it will be nearly a year before the other three companies will be ready. Big winner in the battle round of card sign-ups is MasterCard, which, up to this, has led New York in the steadily changing the stakes between the two cards in Canada. Though they have almost the same number of members worldwide, MasterCard Canada—offered only by the Bank of Montreal and Provincial Bank—a subsidiary of MasterCard, had only 2.3 million cardholders compared with Visa's seven million. While May of the credit union association says this spread gives MasterCard greater scope for expansion, other members point out that MasterCard is simply offering better deals and which there's money to be made that a whole lot of banks, trust companies and credit unions are there for.

Mike Maccheth
Anthony Whitlatch

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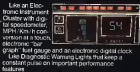
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The new Thunderbird even offers you an all-new standard 4.2L V-8 engine. And there's the industry's first optional automatic overdrive transmission, with an optional 5.0L V-8, causes the engine to turn at lower RPM's on the highway.

And, with all these new options, this 1980 Thunderbird still hosts an impressive list of standard features.

Spread your wings, and learn how inexpensive flying can be—in the new Thunderbird for 1980.

FORD THUNDERBIRD



idea is that 100 member countries would swap some of their dollar reserves for a mixed currency asset based on the special drawing rights (SDR). If accepted, the plan could help stabilize the exchange markets by taking the strain off the dollar. It adds to the co-operative spirit, there was another mood—"taking care of number one"—typified by Graham in a hand-bitting speech, he told the Third World nations that they could expect little in the way of extra assistance and loans from Canada. Later, he told McLean's that he justified his business by seeing that many developing countries were over-reliant with voting political points than with the health of the world's financial institutions. "You never hear any criticism of the Eastern bloc... we also have the right to defend our interests and express our point of view," he said.

The G77-World Bank meeting brought free enterprise to Yugoslavia's capital in more than just theory and rhetoric. The influx of capitalists brought rampant price increases to many Belgrade hotels and restaurants: the cost of laying on a buffet was calculated at some \$96 (Canadian) a head and a shot of whisky cost for \$48. The U.S. delegation was asked \$5,000 for serving coffee and doughnuts at a press briefing. Private cars driven around out their Mercedes to bankers at \$250 a day—and one commercial bank paid a staggering \$40,000 to hire a villa for 10 days. For all the prophecies of gloom spread, the 6,000 participants (including many wives) seemed remarkably cheerful. Wise and changeable found liberty, huge stacks of lavish banking magazines were given away free, and the sparkling conference centre was swathed with the young executives. Few of these present paid much attention to the warning forecast at World Bank President Robert S. McNamara that, on present trends, in 100 years' time this will be a world of 10 billion people, compared with a margin of 4 billion today. All of them, presumably, will need to be represented at such conferences.

Michael Dekker

One potato two potato

The always hectic harvest season in the potato-growing regions of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island has, this year, produced a crop of rumors. Amidst the autumn-faded countryside. Last week, as Prince Edward Island, there was speculation that mainlander, New Brunswick's K.C. Irving group, had acquired control of the island's largest potato processor, C.M.

McLean Limited of Charlottetown. Across the Northumberland Strait in New Brunswick, there was widespread talk that the new Irving-McLean operation is preparing to build a potato-processing plant in the upper Saint John River valley village of St. Leonard.



C.M. McLean, K.C. Irving (below) trace to their tradition of legendary secrecy



AP Wirephoto

ported by strong evidence, notably that James Irving—one of the three sons of founder K.C. Irving—now appears to be running the McLean plant on the island. Reached by telephone at the plant, Irving said: "We're not ready to discuss anything at all yet," adding mysteriously that he was there only because he "just happened to be passing by." In spite of his unwillingness to discuss the matter, local sources say Irving seems to have other big plans afoot—indicated by a

massive tree-clearing operation, currently under way on an Irving-owned forest land near St. Leonard. One expert even said that Irving this year sowed 300 acres in buckwheat, a crop frequently used to prepare soil for growing potatoes.

If the Irving industrial empire—already embracing pulp and paper production, oil refining, shipbuilding, and newspaper ownership—is now branching into agriculture, the logical explanation is its promising prospects, as amply illustrated by success of the McLean Foods Limited of Florenceville, New Brunswick's other giant family business empire. Indeed, as the Saint John River valley, the talk these days is all about the apparent corporate conspiracy, perhaps even a feud, between the Irvings and the McCains. Some say the first shot was fired several years ago when McCain decided to drop Irving as its major supplier of fuel oil. Then McCain made a direct fancy into an Irving domain, helping to restart a bankrupt mill at Jopier, N.B. Not to be outdone, the Irving entered road transportation, a business where the current biggest operator is the Maritimes in Day & Ross Ltd. of Hartland, N.B.—part of the McCain group. Irving's potato deal with McLean could be the final coup.

Ironically, both Harrison and Wallace McCain, company board chairman and president respectively, put their business starts years ago in the Irving group. Asked last week if there was a feud between the two companies, Harrison allowed that if there was it must be all on the other side. The Irvings, of course, have said nothing. And Mitch McLean, son of C.M. (Cousin) McLean, the founder of the P.E.I. potato company, muttered only that he "refuses to comment on anything controversial."

It is even possible that it was the Irving interest that supplied C.M. McLean Limited with financing for plant expansion in 1977 to win a contract to supply French-dried potatoes to McDonald's Restaurants of Canada Ltd.—and that the two companies, both private and not required to divulge such information, have been keeping it bush-bush ever since. Certainly, Don Anderson, general manager of the P.E.I. Potato Marketing Board, says board producers "have been aware that Irving has had strong interest and control in the company for a long time"—although the news seems to have leaked out to the public only within the past week. P.E.I. farmers, kept in the dark so far about the future of C.M. McLean Limited, are naturally worried. Perhaps it will take until spring to find out who will be doing the planting.

David Fohler/Susan Sorensen

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Imported from Spain.
"The bottled art of Antiquity."

Wow! Look what happens when you don't have to deal with a monopoly.



There

The monopoly wants
you to have this

Except for a few problems. Bell makes a pretty good car phone. That's how the monopoly. The car is bulky. It comes in black and white only. And as other specific problems, we do have no post-paid to you—including the fact that you can only obtain a car a rental option. Otherwise, it is a daily late product.



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Law

A new legal channel

Although law sometimes across the country have finally been prodded into believing that legal advertising isn't necessarily some kind of nasty commercial prostitution, they're still haggling in most provinces about what constitutes dignified promotion.

However, for the past year Manitoba has been far ahead of the game, permitting not only the advertising of services but of fees as well. And now the fledgling law firms of McRoberts and Henderson have added a new wrinkle: television advertising. "We tried newspaper advertising without any great results, so we decided to give TV a try," says Bob McRoberts, 35, who founded the firm with Richard Henderson, 30. He says it's too early to tell how effective their 30-second spots have been, "but we've had many calls and quite a few people have taken advantage of our free consultations."

The ad, which ran 45 times last month, was soft-sell, offering viewers a free 15-minute consultation. It ended discreetly with a closing of their sliding curtain. Says McRoberts, whose firm also accepts credit cards. "We didn't want a used car salesman or anything flaky."

Future ads, he says, might mention fees for standard consumer work such as land transactions, but it's more difficult in other fields. "Every case is different."

Stanley Farwell, deputy secretary of Manitoba's law society, says older lawyers aren't too pleased about advertising, but half the L.S.O. members have been called to the bar in the past five years. "The younger members tend to view it more favorably and I think acceptance will grow as the average age declines."

Economic pressures are also adding to the temptation to advertise. At a time when Manitoba's population isn't growing, the bar association is continuing to admit more than 100 new members each year, and it's becoming harder for young lawyers to get started.

However, before giving its blessing, the Law Society of Manitoba viewed TV commercials used by U.S. firms. Says Farwell, "A lot of it was highly annoying but, well, a little extreme. You know One Wisconsin lawyer dresses as Santa Claus and offers viewers a half-hour consultation for a bargain \$10. I don't think we're quite ready for that yet."

Peter Carlyle-Geddes

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If you want to get up and get going with a smile on your face, then Keith Rich is your man! Easy-going humour, bright and beautiful music and just look at all the other interesting people and information he brings your way each morning.



Bob Payne

People tell us "there's something about Bob's off-the-cuff banter with Keith Rich that puts a smile in our morning." They're telling friends, too.

Joe Morgan

The heart of the news, clearly and understandably reported at 7 o'clock.



Three-day weather forecasts tomorrow and the major newscasts, ten minutes.



Pete McGarvey

Keep in touch! The news you need to know to start your day. 8 o'clock.

Time Checks



We think it's important to help keep you on a schedule, so we give you lots of them!

Traffic Reports



Help from above! It's Toronto's top team - Bob Rice and Dianne Pepper.

Tune in for news, weather, sports, traffic and time checks - cheerfully blended with Keith's good humour and more good music on

590 / CKEY
RADIO TORONTO

Ideas

The Third World meets its Match

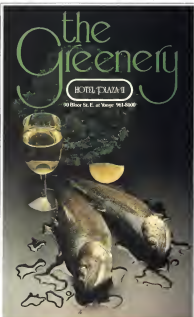
Sadina Kud had a communication problem. It was the summer of 1978 and Kud, principal of the Centre for Special Education in Calicut, found that the school's eight staff members weren't sufficiently up-to-date

with recent teaching methods to help 36 autistic children communicate. These children all had suffered some form of brain damage and many had trouble speaking.

What was needed was a system of nonverbal communication. Kud had heard of Blissymbols, whereby a child verbalizes by associating words with pictures or symbols on a board. But no one at the school knew how to teach it.

An Indian friend who was aware of the situation happened to visit Canada where she stumbled across Match International Centre—an organization born and bred in Canada for solving Kud's kind of problem. Within three months a speech therapist, Anne Warwick, whose name and skills had been filed in the talent bank at Match's Ottawa headquarters, was dispatched to Calicut where she spent five weeks giving workshops in Blissymbols.

An international (about 120 coun-



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ties), non-governmental, nonprofit organizations. Match acts as a switchboard, connecting Third World projects with the Canadian expertise, information and funds needed to fulfill them. But there is a catch: the projects must be initiated and implemented by women.

The spark for Match came from Norma Walmsley, whose background includes 14 years as a political science professor at the University of Toronto and stints as the co-chair of CPM and the Canadian delegation to UNESCO in Paris. She founded Match after attending the 1975 International Women's Year conference in Mexico to find out what was going wrong in developing countries. "Despite a massive transfer of funds [from government agencies such as the Canadian International Development Agency, CIDA], things were still going as badly as ever."

She came to the conclusion that women were the key to change in the Third World because they were so immediately involved in providing the basics of food, health and shelter. "Women know what they wanted and what should be done. But they weren't being listened to."

Returning to Canada, Walmsley painstakingly contacted women in more than 50 countries and soon had established a formidable international communications network ready to pair up women's needs in the Third World with Canadian resources. The National Council of Jewish Women, the Canadian Home Economics Association, the Catholic Women's League and the Association of Women Educators are a few of the groups on Match's growing list.

Once a Canadian group has been put in touch with a project and the needs are established, the fund-raising gets into full swing. For every dollar raised by a women's group, CIDA chips in \$3. Garage sales, bazaar nights, car washes, Tupperware parties, race dinners plus CIDA's contributions have resulted in 18 completed projects—including a market in Swaziland and a kindergarten and women's centre in Ecuador—with 50 more under way.

One speaker at Match's second annual meeting in Toronto last month, Doris Anderson, president of the Advisory Council on the Status of Women, describes Canadian women as "the most underused, underdeveloped and under-rated resource this country has." Norma Walmsley nods her head in agreement. She knows exactly what Anderson is saying. But right now she's more preoccupied with shedding a little light on women's lives in the underdeveloped countries—a job she likes to "tempt[ing] the ocean with a leaping."

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Naturally the great wines of France cost more than the wines of other countries.



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Appellation wines like these from Burgundy, Maconnais and Beaujolais are products of the richest and most famous vineyards in the world.

They are products of a wine-making tradition which stretches back more than 2000 years.

They are products of a country in which wine making is both a joyous celebration of life and a matter of national pride.

Wines like these have always cost more than the wines of other countries.

And so long as price is an indicator of quality, they always will.

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Science



A dimmer switch on hydro bills

At this moment untold millions of them are hunkering away in Canadian basins, generating electricity on our waning energy supplies. Each day in the United States they guzzle the equivalent of an million barrels of oil—more energy than all of the nation's automobiles. They are the legions of electric motors that power to our weakness for labor-saving devices—everything from the electric toothbrush to the Cuisinart. Recently, the electric motor, a power device which has remained essentially unchanged for decades, has become the unlikely star of a revolution in energy conservation technology that could save billions of dollars annually. So lucrative are the stakes that the world's largest oil company, Exxon Corporation, is trying to swing a \$1.5-billion take-over deal that would help it capitalize on the new technology.

The reason for Exxon's move, which some observers say is flirting with a strong anti-trust sentiment in Washington, is the recent announcement of two separate inventions (one of them owned by Exxon) that could greatly improve the operating efficiency of electric motors.

The most promising of the inventions was built with only \$30 worth of parts welded together on a scrap of plywood. Its

An electric helper: the jolt is over

in spite of this modest beginning, says inventor and aerospace engineer Frank Nola, the device has demonstrated savings of up to 60 per cent under certain operating conditions. Nola, an employee of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Huntsville, Alabama,

says, says his device could be used on the 50 million electric motors produced in the U.S. each year. "If you had one on every piece of equipment," he said, "it would save the country [the U.S.] somewhere around 30 million barrels of oil a year. That would be \$500 million fuel

Nola and invention: \$20 and a bit of wit



cost which would translate into nearly \$1.8 billion in reduced utility bills."

The invention is called a power-factor controller and works by automatically reducing the power consumed by electric motors when they are idling or subjected to light loads. Normally under such conditions most of the electricity is simply wasted as heat. When the controller senses a light load it acts like a dimmer switch and cuts back the voltage level going to the motor.

Nola has already received more than

15,000 letters requesting more information on the invention, which was announced in April, 1975. So far, 36 companies have been granted manufacturing licenses from XASA and are currently taking up for production. It may be several years, however, before the power saver finds its way into domestic appliances. The cost of the device (\$10 to \$20) is expected to make it attractive initially to industrial users (the largest consumers of electricity).

In contrast to the warm reception

given to the Nola invention, the reaction to Ecosse's has been frosty. Ecosse claims that its power device could save the equivalent of one million barrels of oil a day within the next decade. Many observers doubt it. Rather, it has been suggested, these seductive figures are being used as a sticking horse to promote the acquisition by Ecosse of Bellucci Electric Company. As Ecosse has explained, it needs the marketing experience of Bellucci to get the device to market as soon as possible. Among the skeptics is the U.S. Federal Trade Commission (FTC) which has filed a preliminary injunction with the U.S. District Court to block the take-over, alleging violation of the anti-trust laws. "This is one of the largest take-overs in American corporate history," declared one FTC official. "We have a stack of pleadings and briefs five feet high that have been filed in this case."

The Ecosse device is considerably more sophisticated than Nola's invention. It uses a tiny microcomputer to control the speed of the electric motor. Arriving like the gas pedal in an automobile, the power saver varies the speed of the motor (and thus the energy it consumes) to precisely that required for a given task. Ecosse claims it can be produced much more economically than comparable speed controllers.

These power-saving gadgets may soon be reducing energy consumption in Canada. XASA has revealed that it is negotiating with an unnamed Canadian company for the manufacturing and marketing rights to its device. Also interested in Ontario Hydro.

With fully two thirds of all electricity generated in the U.S. consumed by electric motors, the attention lavished on these new power savers is an encouraging sign that the ethics of energy conservation may at last be at hand. In the words of R. David Freeman, director of the largest U.S. power producer, the Tennessee Valley Authority: "If we do not accept the fact that the joyride is over, we will never close the energy gap. Conservation is our cheapest and quickest source of energy."

Alan Bailey

JULIA THE CHILD.

Julia is about to cook a 5 lb. roast to perfection in Toshiba's new Brainwave microwave oven.

All Julia has to do is insert the recipe card her Mom has pre-programmed and push a button.

Julia the Child is showing you just one of the ways Toshiba ovens bring you tomorrow's electronic products today.



TOSHIBA

The fallout factor in lowering grades

During the 19th century, scientists barely disposed the origin of the species. But 20th-century researchers agree just as best on chronicling humanity's decline. The latest depressing news comes from Dr. Ernest Sternglass, professor of radiobiology

Stare at this picture for fifteen seconds. Now name the rye.

The first thing you notice is that it is very black. And certainly it looks very

much like velvet. Did you guess? Of course you did. Black Velvet.



Steve Sternglass and bomb test tower gasses, here again, developing a nuclear's leaders

physics at the University of Pittsburgh. He offers a grim explanation for a problem that has baffled educators for the past decade—the rapid decline in the scores of American high-school students on the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) required for college admission. Everything from inferior instruction to excessive television watching has been blamed for the plummeting test averages.

New Sternglass proposes a direct connection between the observed atom-smoking by the U.S. in the 1960s and the lowered scores. He contends that the atomic radiation produced by these early atmospheric tests profoundly influenced the prenatal development of the body's main regulators of physical and intellectual maturation, the thyroid and pituitary glands. The condition resulting from such arrested development, called hypothyroidism, can produce anything from slightly hampered reasoning powers to severe retardation.

To buttress his argument, Sternglass notes that the greatest drops in SAT scores occurred in areas close to the nuclear testing sites. "If poor schools alone, or the declining quality of life in the cities, were to blame for the scores, it makes no sense that they fell the most in Utah, not where children are it from air and rural surroundings," he says. Sternglass further maintains that he can track a pattern of lowered test scores across the North American con-

tinent where radiation-laden clouds passed over populations, releasing their potent atomic byproducts in the resultant rain.

The dimensions of the damage seem even greater to Sternglass than a simple decline in the average SAT score would indicate. He cites figures from the Educational Testing Service, which administers the tests, show scores in the top range fell off most sharply. "The greatest drop occurred . . . among those who would have been geniuses, those we depend upon for our inventions, for our poetry. Do you see?" The intellectual leadership of a generation was largely destroyed, says Sternglass. Nonetheless, he contends that intellectual leadership may have been partially restored during the atomic-test moratorium from 1968 to 1981. During this respite, SAT scores in the areas that had above the greatest drops ceased their decline and, in some cases, actually rose slightly.

Much of the scientific community, however, finds both Sternglass and his theories far from persuasive. His previous efforts to link nuclear tests and cancer as 400,000 infant deaths worldwide to radiation effects caused one respected scientific publication to label him a "controversial prophet of doom." But Sternglass remains unfazed by the criticism. "The number of veridical attacks is not surprising," he says. "A great many of the people who make them are a part of the nuclear establishment."

Clearly, the nuclear establishment has not stopped Sternglass. He has now

turned his attention from SAT scores to the even more sensitive subject of male fertility. "I've just seen some statistics from Florida that indicate a decline in fertility for college-age males—just what you'd expect," he crows triumphantly. "It's always been my belief that atomic testing has produced drastically altered fertility rates." But Florida State University's Dr. Ralph Daugherty, whose figure Sternglass cited, sees another cause for the decline in sperm density among American males, from 56 million sperm per milliliter of fluid some 50 years ago to 60 million today. He blames the toxic chemical compounds known as polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs). In addition, Daugherty noted that other factors, such as smoking, could also play a part in reduced sperm density.

Although his study, sponsored by the U.S. National Institute of Environmental Health Science, included only 124 Florida college students, Dr. Daugherty observes that plummeting sperm counts have been reported in other areas of North America, including Canada, as well as in Europe and Japan. As if that wasn't on machine more than sufficient, Daugherty reported a fall 33 per cent of the subjects he tested were functionally sterile. But, for the worried male with average sperm density, Dr. Daugherty has some moderate words of cheer. When asked how the drop from a median of 80 million sperm per milliliter to 60 million would affect reproductive capacities, the Florida chemist responded with an encouraging, "Not much."

John Christopher



This pulp mill was built in Japan and moved on barges to Brazil. There it will be fed by fast-growing tree plantations. In a small but real way, this kind of competition could affect every Canadian's standard of living in the future.

Meet the competition

Canadians used to believe we had the pulp and paper business sewed up because of our millions of acres of softwood forests. Today, paper is also being made from grasses, sugar cane and fast-growing plantation trees. And there's new competition in all the old markets, sharpening our industry's needs for new machinery, new technology, higher productivity. And that takes growth money: profit.

The pulp mill being barged to Brazil is not, in itself, a serious threat to Canada's pulp and paper industry. It is, however, a straw in the wind of world trade.

What's ahead? Estimates of the world's use of pulp, paper and paperboard say it will almost double in the next 20 years.

That means greater opportunities for the Canadian industry. We'll have to step lively to make the most of them. Canada's biggest customer for pulp and paper is the United States. But their own papermaking capacity is expanding steadily to feed their enormous demand.

In several southern states, they are planting trees as a crop, like corn or cotton. Trees can mature to harvesting size in 25 years. In most parts of Canada, it takes from 50 to 80 years.

In Peru, newspaper is being produced using sugarcane. Japan is

modernizing some of its newspaper machines to double output. Mexico is expected to reduce imports sharply because of its own increased production. Taiwan, the Philippines, Nigeria see further unexpected names in the newspaper news. Each nibbles away at the potential for Canadian growth.

To keep the industry at work, to sell successfully and profitably in international markets, Canada has to be a low cost, high quality supplier.

We need new ideas for turning wood into paper at less cost. We need special machines to get into Canada's difficult forests and bring the wood out economically. All of this costs money, billions of dollars.

Profit is growth money. A healthy, profitable pulp and paper industry finds it easier to attract investment. Recent improved profits created by larger demand and

boosted further by Canada's lower-valued dollar, have encouraged companies to plan investment in upgrading mills and purchasing new equipment.

Canada's largest employer and manufacturer in the pulp and paper industry. It brings in more export dollars and contributes more to Canada's standard of living than any other industry, about \$1,000 a year for each Canadian family.

To learn more about Canada's largest manufacturing industry, write for literature: Communications Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, 2300 Sun Life Building, Montreal, Que. H3B 2X9.

The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada

If a Scotsman swallows his pride...



it's Bell's.
The largest
selling whisky
in Scotland.

Medicine Cancer answers we may not want to know

It is an unexpected location for an advance in cancer research. Nestled in a valley on the banks of the Ottawa River, the laboratory shares a 16-acre site with five nuclear reactors where scientists test equipment for power plants. It is here, at Chalk River Nuclear Laboratories (CRNL), that medical researchers have developed a way to detect individuals with unusual sensitivity to cancer-causing radiation.

The test method, still in its rough lab form, is just one in a number of recent developments in cancer-related genetic research. Though their application in mass screening programs to detect cancer-prone individuals may be years away, the prospect is sufficiently near to prompt some scientists to ask the difficult moral question: Do people really want to know whether they are cancer prone?

Medical science has long known that some forms of cancer appear frequently in certain families, indicating a genetic link, while others are caused by external agents—cigarette smoke, chemicals in the workplace or large doses of radiation. About 200 genetic disorders carry with them a predisposition to cancer, says Dr. David Hoot, a genetic researcher at the University of Toronto. But the interplay between the genetic structure of cells and cancer-causing agents has not been well understood.

Just how genetic abnormalities lead

to a high risk of cancer, what types of cancer are linked to specific genetic disorders and how to detect cancer-prone individuals are the questions researchers have been probing throughout the 1970s. Some pieces of the very large puzzle are beginning to fall into place.

In Boston, researchers last month reported the discovery of a genetic abnormality linked to a specific type of kidney cancer in a family in which 10 members were affected over three generations. The noted New England *Journal of Medicine* described the finding as "the first example of a dominantly inherited chromosomal aberration that imparts a high risk of a specific cancer" and suggested it could be a step toward compiling a catalogue of "cancer genes" of man.

At the University of Toronto, Hoot's work with families in which the incidence of cancer is high has led to a test method for determining unusual sensitivity to chemical agents, some of them known carcinogens. A summary of his findings is soon to be published in the *Canadian Journal of Genetics and Cytology*.

And at Chalk River, work by Dr. Malcolm Patterson, head of the CRNL team, with individuals who have cancer re-

Patterson used a DNA model with breaks, a step toward a catalogue of 'cancer genes'



From the graduate opera to the Grand Ole Opry, A lot of FM stations play a lot of different music yet still have one thing in common: The need for accurately accurate turntables. That's why so many FM stations use Technics direct drive turntables.

That professionals use Technics direct drive turntables is really not surprising. What is, is that now you can get professional performance in Technics quartz-synthesizer MK2 Series. The SL-9000 manual, the SL-1700 semi-automatic and the SL-3600 fully automatic.

Now a Player	Available	Sound Accuracy	Start-up Tone
QUARTZ MOTOR	—50 SPEEDS	1/3 BEATS	ULTRA SILENT

As you can see, they all have impressive performance. But with Technics MK2 Series, you also get impressive advances in electronics. Like a quartz-synthesizer pitch control. As you vary the pitch it's instantaneously displayed by 13 LEDs in exact 1% increments. That makes life easy.

So does the SL-9000 MK2's infrared disc size sensor. Just place a disc on the platter, press the start button and immediately an infrared ray activates the micro-computer. Then the Technics precision gimbal suspension system automatically sets down in the lead-in groove.

And for double protection against acoustic feedback, Technics precision aluminum decal have two double-isolated suspension systems. One keeps out vibration from the base, the other from the turnarm and platters.

The MK2 Series. You don't have to be a radio station to afford performance good enough for a radio station.

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related rare hereditary disorders has led to the development of the test method for detecting unusual sensitivity to cancer-causing radiation.

"Some of the most rapid advances in understanding of cancer are coming in the field of genetic (hereditary) cell research," says Dr. Robert W. Paterson, chief of clinical oncology of the U.S. National Cancer Institute (NCI), part of the Boston team. The NCI has also placed Paterson's Chalk River team under a three-year, \$600,000 contract to continue its work.

One theory, borne out by the research to date, is that certain genetic abnormalities reduce the ability of cells to repair damage from cancer-causing agents. The damage takes the form of breaks in the "spiral staircase" or sugar-phosphate backbone of DNA, the repository of genetic information in cells. The result, Paterson says, is that cells irreversibly repair damage, do or mutate, carrying altered genetic information which is passed on to subsequent generations of cells and may lead to the appearance of cancer.

Paterson's work with cultured skin cells of persons with a rare hereditary disorder provides, he says, "one of the best pieces of evidence available for a causal relation between defective repair of DNA damage and predisposition to cancer." The simplest conclusion, Paterson says, is that they lack a fully functional enzyme needed for repair.

Rosier's work is also explaining the genetic factor and he is looking into a method to test an enzyme deficiency in blood samples. The test results can be available in as little as five days. Compared with the six weeks required for the Paterson test method, it seems a giant step toward mass screening.

But Rosier cautions against such a development. "Is it fair to tell somebody that they may develop cancer?" he asks. "The psychological effect could be tremendously deleterious." The personal and family issues aside, what would industries, pension plans or insurance companies do with such information? "If we get into that business the insurance companies are really going to let us hard."

In the meantime, the \$600,000 U.S. contract, together with funds from Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., operator of CNR, is also enabling the research team to investigate other hereditary disorders. The progress, Paterson confidently predicts, is for the successful detection of cancer-prone individuals and their protection from environmental agents that might trigger the cancer. Undoubtedly, with quick test to determine unusual sensitivity to radiation among future employees, "the nuclear industry would be a direct beneficiary." **Bernard Robson**

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A remedy not to be sneezed at

Perhaps it should come as no surprise, but grandma, it seems, was on to something. Her remedy for a cold was to cover hands with towels and force sniffling sufferers to inhale the vapors from a steaming jug of hot water and frair's balms. If some promising

research at the Weizmann Institute of Science at Rehovot, Israel, is confirmed by intensive field tests this winter, grandma will be vindicated. But it is the steam, not the balms, that may hold the answer to the common cold.

Weizmann scientists have devised a machine that looks like an electric toaster and blows heated air into suffering nostrils. Last winter nearly 300 patients were treated with it—in the institute's own workers' canteen and at



the neighboring Kaplan Hospital. The machine's inventor, Akaron Yersulimski, claims that 85 per cent of those reported substantial relief. Asked whether it was indeed the elusive cure for the common cold, Yersulimski replies "We hope it is."

He says at Rehovot will go further than that, though they have licensed an electronics factory at Kiribata Netzer-Sera to make a first batch of the machine. Yersulimski, a biologist, says this winter's tests will be more extensive, testing only half the sufferers with the real thing to see whether it's all in the mind rather than the sinus.

The treatment is based on a theory advanced by a French Nobel Prize-winning biologist, Professor André Lwoff, that the resistance of viruses is significantly weakened by rise in temperature. The cold sufferer places his chin in a paper cup and two nozzles blow heated air straight up his nostrils from a distance of about six inch. The advantage over grandma's steaming jug or the vaporizer favored by allergy sufferers is that controlled heat hits the right spot. Says Yersulimski, patients tend to adjust vapors by their sensitivity to heat. "If it's too hot for them, they'll pull away. Here it is the machine that determines the temperature, not the patient."

So far the "toasters" are being supplied only to the medical profession, but eventually they may be available for about \$300 (U.S.). At the tests don't pass out, there's always the frair's balm.

Eric Silberg

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1987 Pontiac coupe & sedan coupe. Black & white caption: 1987 Pontiac

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Religion

King's epistle: the Word of God from Birmingham?

For the first time in centuries, a serious attempt is being made to add another book to the Bible. There is a grassroots movement among black churches in the United States to have a letter which the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. wrote from a jail in Birmingham, Alabama, enshrined as Holy Scripture and ranked alongside the epistles of St. Paul. A Bible containing the letter will be published in the next few months. Though not officially recognized by any denomination, it is expected to find early acceptance in black Protestant congregations and its sponsors predict that it will be used throughout the world within 20 years.

The letter itself is a remarkable and inspiring document. About 9,000 words long, it was written on April 16, 1963, when King was imprisoned during a civil rights protest. "The best advice I can give anyone, before they pass judgment on this idea, is to read the letter," says one highly respected Roman Catholic theologian in Washington, D.C. "I do not wish to become involved in the controversy at this stage. But the letter is of significance, particularly to the oppressed."

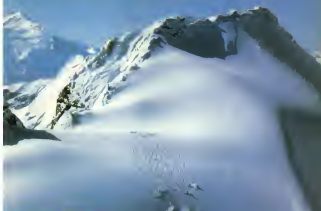
Rev. Muhammad Kanyatta, a Baptist minister and sociology instructor at Haverford College, Pennsylvania, is one of those now agitating for the publication of the new Bible. "What we believe is that God continues to move peo-

ple, with or without their conscious knowledge. We believe that God worked through Dr. Martin Luther King in that jail in Birmingham in 1963, to reveal His Holy Word. People generally do not realize that the process of deciding what is or is not Holy Scripture has been an ongoing one."

King preaching. In jail, angry scales might deflected stronger than a fist throughout.



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The last major change to the Bible was in the 16th century when Protestant churches dropped from the Old Testament the books and portions of books that Protestants now call the Apocrypha and that Roman Catholics call the deuterocanonical books.

Since 1968, when Black Theologians in the U.S. began to express themselves a good deal more forcefully than ever, there has been a strong feeling that the "black religious experience" needed some special recognition. By 1977 they were pressing their own churches to consider publishing a Bible containing some form of "Black Testament." At a meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, that year there was a sudden, spontaneous agreement among them that the testament should be King's letter. The movement in favor of printing it next to St. Paul's work has been growing steadily ever since. In August, at the third annual conference of the Black Theology Project in Cleveland, a proposal to print a Bible with the King letter as another epistle in the New Testament was approved.

Kingville points out that no existing church body has the authority to add anything to the Bible. He therefore argues that the best method of tating the acceptability of a new epistle is simply to print it.

King wrote the Birmingham letter to a group of eight white Alabama clergymen who had criticized him as an outside agitator and termed his actions as "arrogant and antisocial." It is dramatic in style, sometimes angry, always compassionate, forceful and moral. "Injecting anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere," wrote King. "We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly."

There is a ringing condemnation of segregation and racism, a stirring answer to those who complained that blacks should "wait" to gain equality, and an insistence with white moderates: "Shallow understanding from people of goodwill is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will," he wrote. But there is great praise, too, for the whites who helped fight for civil rights. "They have acted in the faith that right defeated is stronger than evil triumphant."

Write King: "One day the South will recognize the real America." And then he listed among them "a 70-year-old woman in Montgomery, Alabama, who rose up with a sense of dignity and with her people decided not to ride segregated buses, and who responded with ungrammatical profundity to one who inquired about her weariness: 'My feet is tired, but my soul is at rest.'"

William Lowther

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Sounding out the world of music



THE MUSIC OF MAN
CBC Dec 24

Maclean's presents a series of 10 in-depth profiles of artists and their music.

"We have no choice," announces violinist Yehudi Menuhin in the first program, *The Quest for Life*, of the eight-part series, *The Music of Man*. Indeed we don't, and probably most of us have never felt this shame. But Menuhin's thesis is that the entire world of music—jazz, blues, the *Bronx*, the *Beatles*, the *Knights*—is a structure built upon the unending, stream-of-consciousness world of sounds we can't shut out. Menuhin is the ideal guide, a virtuoso player and conductor whose force is back but who has stayed far enough to record his years. Not with Solenne Grapelli and reggae with Burt Shriver and *Beatles* Jean-Paul Rampal.

The Music of Man sets itself—and brings off—an ambitious task. The first program looks at sound itself—what aural, fetal heartbeats, surf and birdsong. When Menuhin enters Canadian composer Murray Schafer's rural barn, he hears a Robin. Grapelli makes of odds and ends which, when struck, are heard as sound, set up a holy din, the delight on his face is that of a bright, inquisitive child.

In conversation, Menuhin is relentlessly articulate and erudite. "All the elements of man—and their arrangement—can be heard in music," he maintains and to prove that he tracks round a

Another cause for complaint is the under-representation of the west, blues, Wagner, Verdi, and Strauss are given wide justice without hearing their scores for the soprano they adored. But Menuhin himself fiddles up a storm, far enough, given eight hours to cover all eras.

The chief's most expensive production ever (more than \$5 million), *The Music of Man* was co-produced with funds from The Ontario Educational Communications Authority and the Mississippi Authority for Educational Television. This is a worthy successor to such personally slanted commentaries as Kenneth Clark's *Civilization*, Jacob Bronowski's *The Ascent of Man* and John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Age of Uncertainty*. As in the case of these lavishly produced series, there's the obligatory large-format, hard-cover, two-up look, too. Though the text is expanded from the scripts, it seems incomplete (as the others did not) without the wealth of musical illustrations, a set of records would have helped. But that, in the way, is a tribute to the richness of the telecast themselves. "Music can never be, for it is a celebration of life," Menuhin says. Bravo, and encore.

A shadow of his written self

ANTHONY MILLER ON HOME GROUND
CBC Dec 27

Another Miller, the American playwright, strikes a strong sentimental-populist chord in his audiences. The all-too-brief clips from television and movie productions of his *Death of a Salesman* (his prize with George C. Scott, the fall of *Winter*)



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Television



Miller: a slippery grasp of the tongue.

works in Harry Rusky's documentary, *Arthur Miller on Home Ground*, prove that nonetheless, what with Richard G. Robinson, Bart Leavitt, Lee J. Cobb, Maurice Chevalier, Mildred Dornick and George C. Scott advocating in rerolis against, Faye Dunaway, smugging a pill into a corner of her mouth as Maggie in *After the Fall*, based on Miller's troubled marriage to Marilyn Monroe, alone is worth the 90 minutes of watching.

But Rusky's portrait reveals just how porous a figure Miller is. It's a shock to hear how slippery a grasp on the language this "artist" (as he styles himself) has, sometimes such as "with he and his wife" may be more slips of the tongue, but when he's discussing his play, *The Crucible*, he demonstrates that he has but the dimmest glimmer of what the words "crucible" and "alloy" actually denote.

But as Miller thinks of himself less as a simple writer than as the conscience of America, or savior thereof, his plays ask "ultimate questions," and Willy Loman's mid-life crisis in *Death of a Salesman* becomes "the central situation of contemporary Western civilization." When he reads a short story or his own stage directions, he unwittingly pays tribute to the legions of actors and actresses who have thrashed over his bald prose. Miller is not content with being a mere custodian of the mother tongue (he considers it all but his own) as an exercise to whom, as Mrs. Loman proclaims, "attention must be paid." Attention has been paid here, and as shades of human reality have their fascinations, Arthur Miller on *Home Ground* is to us even the anthropology of scenes from *Death of a Salesman*. One ends up wishing that there were more of them, and that Miller had kept his trap shut.

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ATWOOD'S WORLD

By Roy MacGregor

Beyond the accessions of the well-known, the writer's cabin is empty. A September storm battles the west window, retreats, then advances again inside, through a focus distorted by rain puddles and cobwebs, stands in empty rifle, empty coffee pot, empty typewriter. Above the writer's desk a scoured square of paper curls yellow where it has been thrust back into the order as a reluctant reminder: "If the book we are reading does not wake us, as with a fat buzzard on the skull, then why do we read it? Good God, we would also be happy if we had no books, and each book is to make us happy we could, if need be, write ourselves. But what we must have are these books which come upon us like ill-fortune, and distress as deeply, like the death of one we love better than ourselves, like suicide. A book must be like an exorcism to break the ice from inside us." Tucked under the cutting bottom in italics is the name of Czech author Franz Kafka. The storm speaks to the northeast, appropriately blowing the nearby lawn and farmhouse with an excess of reality. Another window, and inside a coal-lamp dangles its gypsy light over the face of Canadian author Margaret Atwood. It is midwinter, dark and cold, the heat from the wood stove warming all but her words, for she is talking about the weeks that are sure to come "in a rush," she says slowly, "like being ambushed—(you're a turtle)." The author who believed she would die at 30 is now publishing 60. The writer has become a metaphor herself. Atwood is in Canadian literature as Gordon Lightfoot is to Canadian music, more a collection than individual. The words that took the Governor-General's Award for poetry 12 years ago have been read selectively to include a children's book, a remarkable work of Civil War epic, a collection of short stories, seven more books of poetry and four published novels, the latest of which, *Life Before Man* (see review, page 66), is the central character in the gluing of the fall publishing season. Even before the official release date, McClelland and Stewart added a second printing to the 35,000 first run of the book, bringing the number of Atwood books to be found in Canada well over the 100,000 mark. In her fifth volume of poetry, *Poacher's Luck*, she wrote, *I am only a flicker, the*

metaphor then a candle, but the flame has grown, as she herself has grown, until today the storm itself is both more convenient and a better fit. When Atwood strikes these days, the flame both startsles and reassures. And inevitably, the moth draws nearer, nearer.

Kafka would approve. *Life Before Man* is two bits humming on the skull. It is not so much a story as it is the disordered negatives of a fiery album, the thoughts so dark they defy any flash short of Atwood's remarkable and often very funny, mouth. The book is sure to have some say in the popular squabble—voiced by the critic Robert Fulford, among others—that Atwood has so far shown herself to be a far better poet than novelist. Yet it has been the novels that have brought out the response. In that, and often in their outcome as well, the novels are not unlike a highway accident. She writes from personal experience, but also counters quickly. "The characters don't represent me, they represent themselves. Most people think personal experience is anything you have done, but it isn't. It's also anything you may have read or heard." It could be argued that troubled writers—Hemingway, for example—have often been obsessed with strength, so why not a healthy writer with sickness? It could be so argued, but not con-

vincingly. Atwood is perceived to be hiding something, and is watched carefully.

In point form, the past is so clear it seems to have been deconstructed in Ottawa, happily raised in a *My Three Sons* Toronto suburb, summer camp, University of Toronto, Harvard, recent moves from the substantial work on *The Wars* she readily concedes—the failed marriage, the brief session in psychoanalysis—and they are readily accepted by obvious honest a combined three-year-old daughter named Jen and a durable, warm relationship with Jen's father, novelist Graeme Gibson. "It is a boring note," she wrote about another idea in another time, "but it works every time."

Around noon the storm breaks, it is time to pick up Jen from her morning soccer play school. On her fourth attempt, Atwood has finally learned to drive and parked (supported by the more than \$50,000 McClelland and Stewart and Seal Books paid for the Canadian rights of *Life Before Man*, she has bought herself a car, which she writes, through the muddled book reads around her farm near Alton, Ontario. Her driving is an extension of herself, cautious, very steady, a healthy imagination. A disordered driver with an irrational machine—which is only fitting for someone whose constant occupation is contradiction.

"I make a distinction between myself as a critic and myself as a writer," she says about her politics. But the separation extends even further. As a writer she both deals in pain and deals in art—a bad x-ray world at times make a greater read—yet as a critic she is desperate not to hurt. At one time she demanded that interviewers sign a binding contract that would give her a role over any third parties involved, sometimes that she had a duty to protect them from the runoff of her sensitivity. She has wisely dropped that idea, but still worries excessively over interviews—and not-so-interviews—who might shamble into her story. Excessively had experiences, such as her and Gibson's ill-fated movie screening for Margaret Laurence's novel *The Diviners* (they were dropped after the first draft), are usually dealt with in a single

sentence: "I won't talk about it, sorry." A movie from her own novel *Surfacing* is being produced by Toronto filmmaker Beryl Fox, and is due to be released soon. "Beryl and I are quite frankly that you'll have this movie," Atwood says, smiling at the thought. "I said to her quite frankly that I would have hated any movie made out of this book, don't worry about it."

The friends are usually long-standing. Fox and playwright Rick Salutin date from summer camp, another and movie director Peter Pearson went to public school with her. Only one friend has ever turned on her, a poet who told their personal letters to a library, the others she trusts enough to say strongly, "Nobody's ever going to get the real story." She gives generously—several times extending Fox's option on *Surfacing* while the producer prayed for money—but demands little. The morning mail brings a parcel containing 25 tickets to benefit a Toronto women's project, she Atwood, though her husband is crisscrossed with people who would gladly contribute, moves off to a quiet room where she dutifully prints her own name on each slip, writes out a personal cheque for the entire amount and returns the "mail" tickets immediately.

"Peggy is like the Book of Ecclesiastes," says her old Harvard roommate, Susan Milson, who is now a psychology textbook editor in New York. Throughout the year the Atwood-Gibson farm serves as a manager for those friends for whom the world has become too much. And those who can't drive are welcome to call. "I was there one week when three different people phoned her with their life crisis," says a friend who was there having one of her own.

It is difficult to imagine troubled people seeking out someone who makes a living from anxiety and despair, but here again the delicacy. At the Globe Restaurant is nearby Rosemont, the coffee talk turns to politics and speculation over who is going to have a verbal fit, in both scenes of the word, Jan Clark or Jimmy Carter. Atwood pushes away from her blueberry pie, folds her arms and closes her eyes. Gibson looks over, concerned. "I'm sorry," he says. "We're being pessimistic again, aren't we?" She nods, the topic changes, briefly.

Perhaps what has really disturbed her is that she has been recognized. A heavy-set woman at another table picks at her meal and watches as if Atwood were a television set. By leaving the farm she has again become what she calls "a Thing." "There's another Margaret Atwood running around out there that gets a lot of attention," she says. "It's an accident that I'm a successful



Atwood at the Royal Ontario Museum, backdropped by *Life Before Man*; with daughter, Jen, and Gibson, watched like a TV set.



writer. I think I'm kind of an odd phenomenon in that I'm a serious writer and I never expected to become a popular one, and I never did anything in order to become a popular one."

"I would have to say she does not like the promotional aspect of publishing," says Jack McClelland, her publisher. "We try not to be too noisy where she's

that all women are the same. They just aren't."

"The public has given me a personality of not having a public personality," she continues. "Sometimes they make up things about it like Margaret the Monster and Margaret the Magician and Margaret the Mother. Fantastic notions of what's really there keep getting

Little wonder, then, that she sometimes longs for other worlds where she has only herself to contend to. The first in the first retreat, the writer's cabin as an escape from even that and beyond the calm the flights of the past few years. Australia, Europe, the Middle East, India, Afghanistan. It was in Afghanistan that she purchased a deep purple chador, she heavily veiled head and cloak that obscures even the eyes of Muslim women. It symbolises yet another contrast: the state of such women disturbs Atwood as a writer, their monotony strikes her as a citizen. Modelling the chador in the farmhouse kitchen, she twirls gradually, her spalled nose squaring through the thick stitching of the face cover. "Sometimes," she says, "I wish they wore those things in Canada." Laughter rises from those around the table, but nothing from behind the cover. As with her own works, Margaret Atwood can be a difficult read. ☐

Life after surviving

LEFT: BEFORE MAN
by Margaret Atwood
Illustrated and bound \$12.95

How's the search for yourself going these days? Seeking solace in wet clay and a potter's wheel? Looking a bit tatty after the sprach quiche and loon-as-the-fair? Consenting middle-income adults everywhere should take a minute off consenting to read Margaret Atwood's *Life Before Man* where we can all find ourselves tagged and identified. Now, after her various *Catfish* themes, *Servant*, after her three mind-boggling novels (*The Edible Woman*, *Surfacing*, *Lady Oracle*), Margaret Atwood has found a note that works as keenly in her fiction as the voice in her eight books of poetry. *Life Before Man* is a witty and thoroughly successful novel about soggy identities, flaky marriages and even happier affairs among the higher education set.

Meet Elizabeth, given to being *Very Brave* after a whisky "haze WASP" childhood and the adult trauma of a lover who blows his head off when rejected. Elizabeth is married to Nate who is *Very Brave* about Elizabeth's dalliances and has given up being a lawyer to find himself through caring reeling horses—but apparently without success since he, too, has affairs. Meet Leslie (female), who is Atwood's nod to *gutterballerism*. Leslie is not only *Let's assume* but *half-Jerk*—though you would never know it if Atwood hadn't mentioned it. In essence Leslie, like Elizabeth, works at Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum and something of its volunteer women's his-

in the way of people's actual view of you. People still have a hard time coping with power of any kind in a woman, and power in my world is necessary anyway. Writing calls emotion out of people when they read it. They don't know where those emotions come from and it can connect with areas of their psyche that they would rather not deal with. It frightens some people. Some people are terrified of me.

The fear also goes in the other direction. Parties are no longer possible. As she enters the subway in Toronto, the token-taker excitedly shows his dirt into the window when she passes. In the Eton's washroom a woman talks through the crack in the door. An observant Vancouver goes badly, the questioner returning again and again to the same point. "Why are you famous? Why do people read your books?" She smiles and tries to deflect him. "I have no idea," she says. "Why don't you ask some of them?" The questioner smiles her yet again, she smiles patiently, holding the thought: "Could it be because I'm good?"

With prohibitive prep: *Atwood, unpublished*

conceived." Yet she obviously does get involved, and her subsequent high profile has spread from the full publishing scene to a you-read-trip *Book of Life Before Man* was written this past winter in Edinburgh where Gibran had gone on an exchange with the Scottish Arts Council. "I felt I was having a year off," she says, already nostalgic for the lack of recognition. They returned in July, but the honeymoon was not all joyful. "I am depressed," she says, "at having to re-enter my ordinary life."

Such life, then—is often exotic as it is. It is, however, is not uncommon for someone who is perceived to be speaking for the Womans of the '80s, in which Atwood shifts uncomfortably. "It's never been a clear-cut thing," she agrees. "What is a man's writer? Like John Irving (*The World According to Garp*). Nobody says, well, this is a man's writer because he's a man. We still have a lot of that capital-D Disney women's stuff looking around in the women's movement. The assumption

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cut-and-dried odor has clearly got to her.

This is women's novel stuff easily on the level of Jane Murdoch—a "house" woman's novel. Level indeed—and Atwood shows her skill fully in control of the genre. The damp bedrooms collide randomly in bedrooms and bed-sitting-rooms (or, more evocatively for those who have read its forerunners, the back offices of the RCMP), planning their business. Atwood's insights are marvelously funny at times and always to the point. Her writing has never been so simply economical nor her selection of detail so telling. Describing Nate contrasting the women in his life, a list that includes his crane-mad copanish mother, his stately suffering wife Elizabeth and his visibly suffering mistress—Atwood captures the essential truth of this sort of pain. "He knows that silent equation, he's been well schooled / suffer, therefore I am right."

In the better women's novel tradition, suspense—or the lack of it—lurks on dark little thoughts about the common and one's place in it, or in paleontologist Letze's case, thoughts about the world of dinosaurs and the lack of mankind's place in it. But such philosophical musings never intrude clumsily on the pace and plot of the novel. They simply give the characters a touch of shadow like the cartoon nose gives a fat face.

All the same, Atwood, herself, speaks eloquently about the tag "women's novel." But a woman's novel today has nothing to do with the gender either of its author or reader—though most women's novels tend to be written by women and, until recently, read by them. It has to do with focus. Love and lust are the stuff of *War and Peace* or *Madame Bovary*, as well as being the stuff of *Life Before Man*. But unlike Tolstoy or Flaubert, in the women's novel love and lust are the entire stuff. It is what John feels about Mary that both provides the action and limits it.

Still, what John feels about Mary, or in this case what Nate feels about Letze, is of eternal fascination to most readers. With such material married to the skill of Atwood's writing, few readers will notice or miss the soaring perspective of the great novelists. All they will miss, in this particular novel, is the absence of a clean ending—a reluctance on Atwood's part to tidy up the lives or at least clarify the middle of her characters' behavior. Life may be a little like that, but in the end even real life favors closure. Perhaps Atwood would fly up Nate, Elizabeth, Letze et al in a sequel. Please, soon.

Barbara Amiel

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LUNA
Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci

When *Last Tango in Paris* closed the New York Film Festival in 1972, it sent audiences into a state of shock. Pauline Kael wrote her infamous takedown on it, leading it to a landmark in the history of movies. The ball began rolling: Brando and the others were big. Seven years later, a Bertolucci film—another psychoanalytic melodrama, *Luna*—has opened the festival and seems headed for the same controversial destiny. After the film was shown, you could have heard the proverbial pin drop, before it started Bertolucci had admired, "Laugh if you want to laugh, be moved if you want to be moved." He couldn't have been more prophetic about the divided reception *Luna* has received.

A tale of incest spawned by the dramatic process of Bertolucci's memory, *Luna* is as unbelly mixture of hysteria, comedy, superb film-making, occasionally dumb writing and a slightly overacting in Caterina (Caglieri-

re) and Jill Clayburgh) as an open star who returns to Italy with her 15-year-old son, Joe (Matthew Barry), after her husband has died. The two have lost contact since she drinks a lot and, he discovers, is a junkie. To bond her son to her again, she tries the only way she knows how—living him. But the kid is too far gone to relate to anything

other than the absolutely primal in psychoanalytical terms, the warm bath of sexuality.

Caterina is desperate and so is her son and the lengths to which people will go when they desperately need love validates Bertolucci's film. The three scenes where they come here and cry are one of Caterina helping her son urinate, an-



Barry and Clayburgh 'living in it' costs.

introduced her to summer stock and after graduation Clayburgh landed a good-looking at Boston's Chamber Playhouse, where she met Al Pacino, whom she lived with for two years. Now married to playwright David Rabe (Shawmut), Clayburgh still remembers with Pacino about such things as catching mice in their apartment she used as a workshop. He preferred to catch them in traps and sell them live.

Clayburgh drew approval (and for her roles in several Broadway musicals including *The Rothschilds* and *Hippie*) but her first major film appearance in *Barbarella* and *Lord of the Flies* did not produce the same results. Clayburgh, however, drew some favorable comment and landed parts in *Straw Dogs* and *Seven Years Itch*, roles were unprepared for the dramatic range Clayburgh exhibited in Paul Mazursky's *An Unmarried Woman*, which earned her an Academy Award nomination.

"She gave an absolutely令人难忘的 performance," recalls Bertolucci, who cast

Clayburgh in *Luna* when the film's schedule conflicted with *Unlawful*, his original choice. Bertolucci didn't ask me to read from a script because I hadn't written one yet," says Clayburgh. "But I knew he was auditioning me all the same. I was very nervous and I knew very high heels. I learned over him."

By the time filming began, the awkwardness was gone. "It was a fantastic experience for me," says Clayburgh. "The many long hours' devotion to her face. 'I don't think I look quite right'—to make this film not even with the very explicit sex scenes. Everyone knows actors do weird things. I mean look at Nicolas and Brando. I guess if you work with a European director, you take your clothes off."

Whatever her state of emotional destitution, Clayburgh claims *Luna* was good for her. "Before that, everywhere I went they said, 'Here comes an Unmarried Woman! Now they can say, 'Here comes that crazy mother.' One day, they said, 'But they won't say that forever either."

Rita Christy

other of her masturbating him, and a later, more ambiguous encounter. Presumably the Ontario Board of Censors objected to two of these and by word's end Bertolucci was still trying to decide whether to show the film with the cuts.

Bertolucci's artistry is an intricate and primarily visual one, which may account for parts of the movie being so spectacularly dumb. The onslaught of overwrought, confrontations between mother and son is a raw runway out of control. These fireworks muddy the more intellectually, and without an intellectual context the psychoanalytic ideas become blurred. Sadly, *Luna* is more a showy display of human behavior than an investigation of it. Again, Bertolucci has grappled with a big theme, but in the last half-hour or so of *Luna* it slips through his fingers like water. The son's real father has had an incestuous relationship with his mother as well and so on. By this time Gelpi and Jacaranda seem like demure dramatic personae.

Given to Bertolucci's astonishingly explicit sexuality in Clayburgh. She moves from high comedy (in drugs scenes) through high-wire acrobatics (when a maid enters a door it's so if her entire being jumps) to a high level of sexual intensity. She's not a very actress who can make believable a mother's need to love her son at all costs, there hasn't been any actress who has made that need seem so right. *Luna*, for all its flaws, accomplishes the same.

LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Romance on the Richter scale

STARTING OVER

Directed by Alan J. Pakula

In *Starting Over*, people relate all over the place. It's a relationship movie much like (but not nearly as good as) *Weekend Update* and *Weekend Update*, which preceded it, and capturing not too well for a time of successful sex next year. The new genre: "I get hurt, you get hurt, but let's both come out anyway." In the aftermath of the self-evident *Playboy*-you're-okay sensibility that held sway over the '80s, nobody's okay, personal relationships have got everybody into a blue funk. The relationship movie in the new disaster film period promises, sinking feelings, fiery arguments, toppling affairs and heartaches that register as the Richter scale. Amazingly, before it has barely begun, this new trend has already become a cliché.

The plot of *Starting Over* doesn't so much as the *Weekend Update* does. The Canadian singer (who, God help us, actually sang at that movie) Jill Clayburgh,

moves in with her, goes back to Bergen, leaves her and then returns to Clayburgh and another attempt at marriage. Considering the talent involved (director Pakula, cinematographer Sam Nykyst), the movie's astonishingly flat. Set in Boston and color co-ordinated like a Bloomington's window display, it's so blue, so white and so soapy. As the divorced man left alone, confused and scared, Reynolds tries to relax himself into the character, but if he missed any more he would slide off the screen.

Even though *Starting Over* promises the obvious and has all the surprise of

meatier group therapy, it's almost worth seeing for Clayburgh. Dressed in very unbecoming wool, her wearing a very becoming Chopra cut, Clayburgh's "extrinsically gifted wacky schoolteacher" is a comic, teasing and original creation. She's the undisputed successor to the dynamic comedienne of the '60s and '70s—Hepburn, Raskin and Joan Aronson. And she's the best stuffier in the business. Everything registers in that face with richness and transparency. In a movie that seems to have swallowed a giant Valium, her acting comes across at gale force. L. OT.



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YAMAHA KEYBOARD DIVISION

Wherein the scribe explains the mysteries of Maritime bachelors, Guides and condos

By Allan Fotheringham

Tell me, Mr. Fotheringham, with Parliament finally opening after the long post-May cozier reintegration of The Wreck Watch, could you elucidate political matters pertaining to their species?

You may be stalling due to the totality of my parameters, experience-wise, but go ahead.

Well, could you tell me what is going to happen out of the starting gate?

Certainly, Mr. Trudeau, who knows his is to break the usual barriers and thinks Joe Clark's has a spark plug missing, will attempt to demonstrate in question period how swift the waters were on May 22 as to their selection.

But Mr. Hume! Is a gathering out? Won't this work?

No. Left's statements that Joe When is "half a leader" are counter-productive. What Mr. Trudeau does not realize is that he is not at the stage of the game involving Mr. Clark. He is, by inference, missing the taste of the waters who chose Mr. Clark. In this regard he is badly mistaken—and badly advised.

Does Mr. Trudeau take advice?

In the Pope Paul's? Actually, there is some small evidence that he wisely submitted to counsel in doing what that religious head.

Who do you say that?

Well, the charismatic bachelorette is in a few days is about to let all which makes him older than the Pope. That's not last on the Liberal team leaders. Added to this is the fact that Clark is a perpetual Archie from the comic strip, a youth who looks like a refugee from *Hugbo Days*. The beard simply widens the gap. The entire national Liberal strategy boiled him down and put a True H in his throat.

This insight into the philosophical subtleties of politics sure is interesting. What else you got?

Well, the most interesting battle in the Commons is going to come up between the Tories and the Giv's who are severely fortified that they might face an electoral but between Steve Stoen

and the rest of the lower cabinet.

What's the inner cabinet?

That's what the outer cabinet is trying to figure out. Especially David Crombie who as Health and Welfare minister has the largest budget of any minister but didn't make it to the inner cabinet.

Why is that?

Because he has a personality. Oh, moving right along, why don't the shape like Starliners?

Well, the Haggis Hacker is the Leo Borecker of politics. He would spike his



mother sliding into second base.

So?

This dishes somewhat in cabinet with such well-rounded souls as Robert MacDonnell, who went down in the United Nations the other day to demonstrate that she is in favor of Girl Guide cookies and helping old Tory senators across the street.

What's wrong with that?

Well, the new-Girl Guide Argentines subsequently decided not to buy our Guide nuclear reactor. They decided to pay \$500 million more to get the same equipment from the West Germans. It was worth that, since with the Germans that you don't get a guarantee.

I'm puzzled by one thing, Mr. Fotheringham. Joe Clark has appointed to the Senate his old New Brunswick friend and election guru Lowell Murray. Mr. Murray, strongly, was opposed to an Ontario senatorial seat the last senate, so qualify, he had to bequeath confidence in Ontario. There are no confidantes in New Brunswick?



No. They think it's a birth control method.

Tell me, why are there so many prominent bachelors from the Maritimes at the top of Canadian politics—Murray, Flann, the former Liberal deputy PM John MacBrien, Premier Richard Hatfield?

Perhaps the system malfunctioned. I don't know.

But really, what do you see as the major event of this session?

Okay. It's when Stanfield of Amherst, and coming from his exodus, arrives back in Ottawa from his heady confederations with the national body doctors of Baghdad and environs, having studied to bachelors Joe's sudden points on Jerusalem that was supposed to win him a couple of Toronto seats. You've already heard the news?

What's that?

Henry Fonda is to play Stanfield in the movie. He's the only actor they could find who could give him lip sync to Stanfield's level.

Do you think the Tories will be better and attempt to even up old scores?

Not at all. Why should they bring up the fact that Dorothy Pettit, wife of Senator Keith Dewar, the unassuming spouse of Liberalism, was fired up with a 21-year appointment to the Immigration Appeal Board, at more than \$40,000 per year. Who would be so lucky as to meet her?

Anything else?

Well, you know we're in bad times when last week they put the woads covers over the current steps leading up from Wellington Street to the West Block, as the stones in their low-one spine holes won't slip on the ice. It's known as the climatic chastity belt.

One thanks, Mr. Fotheringham, you've certainly helped to modify the environment.

Any time.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the TV News Service.

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